Saturday Review

MAY 29, 1954 / 20¢

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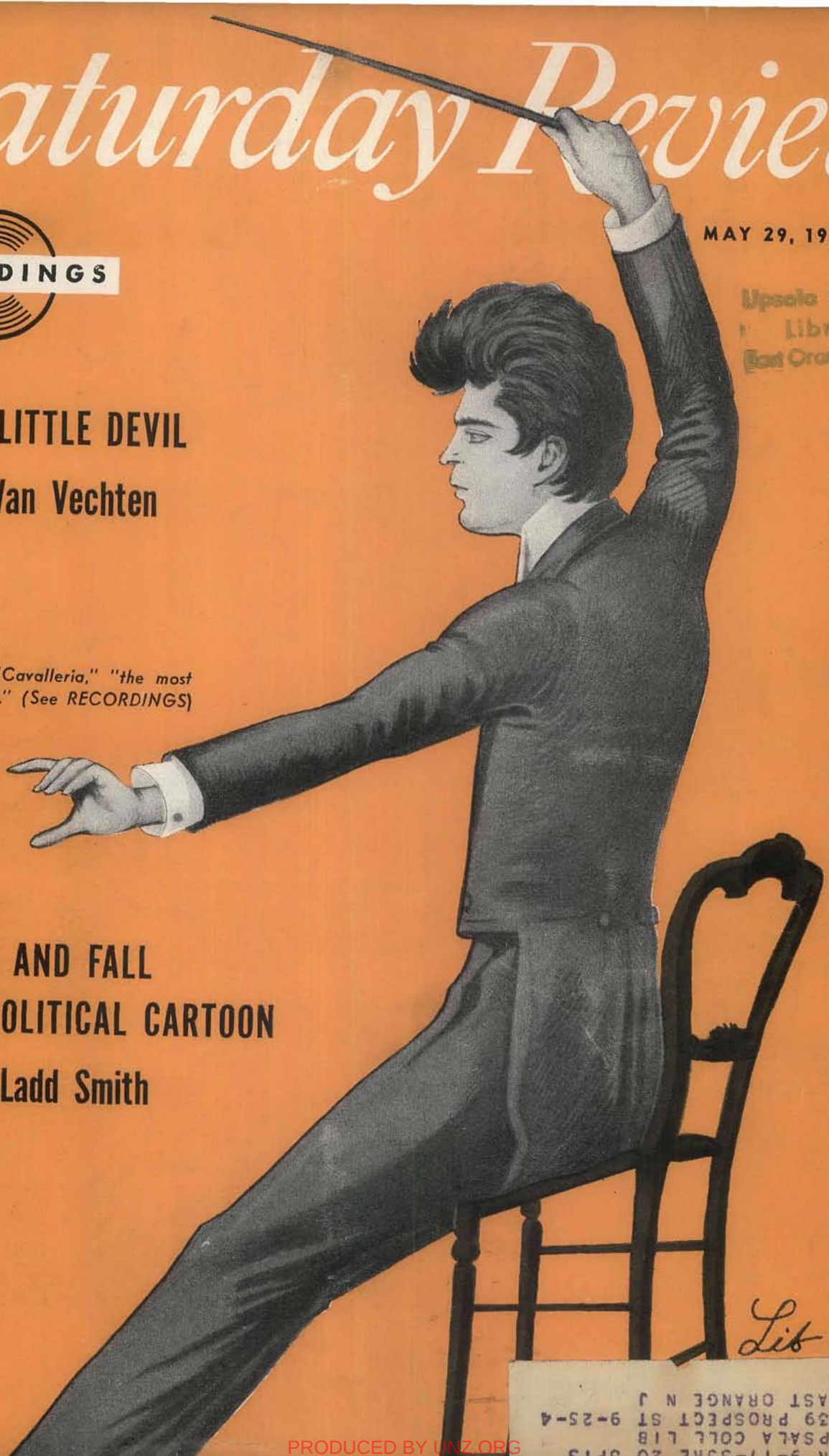
RECORDINGS

A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL

By Carl Van Vechten

Mascagni, of "Cavalleria," "the most recorded opera." (See RECORDINGS)



THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POLITICAL CARTOON

By Henry Ladd Smith

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SR's Library Poll

GENE FOWLER'S "Minutes of the Last Meeting" (#8 on *SR*'s poll) is the memoir of the unholy quartet W. C. Fields, Hartmann, John Decker, and John Barrymore. It records the Ptolemaic histories of men who were not drafted and sent across oceans, nor criticized for their flavor of opinion, nor taxed beyond the opportunity of luxury; men who had no duty but to cultivate their genius and Martinis. In the end Martini may have got the upper hand, but as personalities this foursome puts us in the shade.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger** by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **But We Were Born Free** by Elmer Davis (G)**
3. **The Mind Alive** by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
4. **Sayonara** by James A. Michener (F)
5. **Bless This House** by Norah Lofts (F)
6. **Tomorrow!** by Philip Wylie (F)
7. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
8. **Minutes of the Last Meeting** by Gene Fowler (G)
9. **Seven Years in Tibet** by Heinrich Harrer (G)
10. **The Second Tree From the Corner** by E. B. White (G)
11. **The Song of Ruth** by Frank J. Slaughter (F)
12. **Life Is Worth Living** by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
13. **Forty Plus and Fancy Free** by Emily Kimbrough (G)
14. **Lord Vanity** by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
15. **The Man Who Never Was** by Ewen Montagu (G)
16. **I Led Three Lives** by Herbert A. Philbrick (G)
17. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
18. **Night of the Hunter** by Davis Grubb (F)
19. **Away All Boats** by Kenneth Dodson (F)
20. **The Cry and the Covenant** by Morton Thompson (F)

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* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

Why **IRA WOLFERT'S** new novel is an unprecedented publishing event.

[The story back of the reincarnation of a distinguished best-seller]

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An Act of Love

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The Saturday Review

MAY 29, 1954

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SR/IDEAS

7 THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POLITICAL CARTOON, by Henry Ladd Smith

20 THE SIX AGES OF TRAVEL: An Editorial, by Paul G. Hoffman

33 A GOOD LITTLE DEVIL, by Carl Van Vechten

SR/BOOKS

10 STRANGER COME HOME, by William L. Shirer
An Essay-Review by Maxwell Geismar

11 THE MANGO SEASON, by Kathryn Grondahl
Reviewed by Margaret Landon

11 JOURNEY WITHOUT END, by Manes Sperber
Reviewed by Robert Pick

12 TYPHOON IN TOKYO, by Harry Emerson Wildes
Reviewed by Lucy Herndon Crockett

13 THE FINAL SECRET OF PEARL HARBOR, by Rear Admiral R. A. Theobald, USN (Ret.)
Reviewed by Rear Admiral A. H. McCullom; USN (Ret.)

14 THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY, by Charles A. Fenton
THE ART OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY, by John Atkins
An Essay-Review by Carlos Baker

15 THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN, by Jerry Allen
Reviewed by Edward Wagenknecht

16 GEORGE WASHINGTON'S AMERICA, by John Tebbel
An Essay-Review by Carl Bridenbaugh

16 NEW GREEN WORLD, by Josephine Herbst
Reviewed by Alan Devoe

17 TRAITOROUS HERO, by Willard M. Wallace
Reviewed by John R. Alden

18 AMERICAN SCHOLARSHIP IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, edited by Merle Curti
Reviewed by David H. Stevens

19 ESSAYS ON EDUCATION, by A. Whitney Griswold
Reviewed by Harold Taylor

26 THE MAGICIANS, by J. B. Priestley
Reviewed by James Kelly

SR/DEPARTMENTS

5 TRADE WINDS, by Bennett Cerf

21 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

22 SEEING THINGS: THE SEA GULL AND THE PHOENIX, by John Mason Brown

23 *SR* GOES TO THE MOVIES, by Lee Rogow

24 TV AND RADIO, by Gilbert Seldes

26 LITERARY I.Q.

29 LITERARY CRYPT

32 KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1053

33 *SR* RECORDINGS FOR JUNE

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TRADE Winds

IT WAS SO HOT a few Wednesdays ago in Chicago that even mad dogs and Englishmen refused to go out in the midday sun. TV star Paul Gibson just sat panting in the studio with a cake of ice—named Minnie—on his lap.

It had not been precisely thus the last time I had flown into Chicago. That was in January, on my way to the Coast, and the temperature was below zero—and sinking fast. So was the visibility. For over an hour our plane had droned round and round above the airport, and we managed a landing (the last plane to arrive in or leave the field that day) just after my anguished seatmate had confided, "Right now I'd settle for a broken leg!"

My seatmate's business, incidentally, intrigued me. He was marketing a new liquid spray which, he declared, could make old cars smell like new. "Buyers don't realize it," he said, "but one of the reasons they are attracted to a spanking new automobile is its smell. My stuff can make a Model T Ford smell like a 1954 Cadillac!"

DEPOSITED IN CHICAGO, he was off to glamorize the used-car lots. *My* troubles were just beginning. The Braniff flight that was to carry me to Cedar Falls was cancelled, of course, and there was no train until late that evening. "It's roughly 350 miles," Dean Hakes, of Iowa State Teachers College, told me. "If you can find a car to take you half way to Galena, I'll meet you there, and we'll get you to that lecture yet." Hakes set out with Bert Woodcock from Cedar Falls, and I persuaded a lad at the airport to drive me to Galena.

Unfortunately, it got colder and foggier by the moment. By the time we crawled into Galena, the roads were covered with ice and it was pitch black. Furthermore, the inn where we were supposed to meet turned out to be a summer resort, and was closed tight as a drum.

GALENA WAS A FINE PLACE for a rendezvous—or at least it had been in Civil War days. It was bigger then than Fort Dearborn. General Grant made his home there, and upon his triumphal return the Hotel De Soto was the scene of a rousing banquet. The De Soto still stands, in a manner of speaking, though several stories have been lopped off since the days of its glory. The furniture in the lobby isn't quite as nobby as it must have been in Grant's day, either.

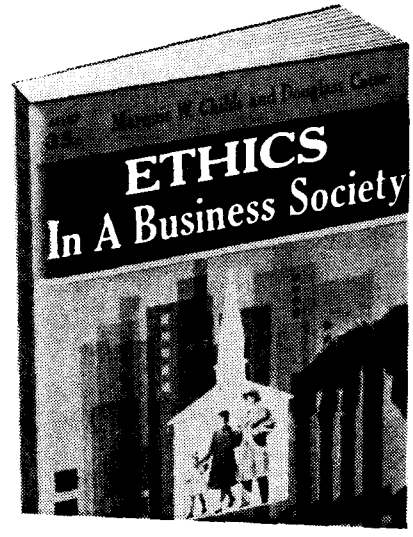
I called the police station. No answer. I called the railroad station. No answer. Finally, I called Mrs. Hakes in Cedar Falls. Her husband, it developed, had been standing outside the deserted summer inn, flashing his headlights on and off in the hope of attracting my attention as I drove by. I had missed him completely in the enshrouding fog. Another motorist, however, had reported him to the chief of police. That's why he didn't answer his phone. He was up the hill finding out why Hakes was flashing those lights. One can't take chances with all those Russian spies around, though what the heck they'd want with Galena is a puzzlement.

TRANSFERRED TO THE HAKES chariot, with Bert Woodcock, the best driver I have ever met, at the wheel, we now headed for Cedar Falls. We were hours behind schedule, but I reminded my new-found friends of a night when a Seattle audience awaited Katharine Cornell and her "Barretts of Wimpole Street" troupe until midnight when her train was delayed by a flood. No scenery arrived, but on a bare stage Miss Cornell and the rest of the cast gave the damndest performance of the Barretts in the history of the run, and the Seattle audience was still cheering when they passed around coffee and doughnuts at 3:00 A. M. This story was relayed to the President of Iowa Teachers by phone, and he promised to hold the audience as long as there was any reasonable chance of our coming through.

We crossed the Mississippi at Dubuque, and just on the other side I discovered what made the little

old lady there (so often referred to by *The New Yorker*) so squeamish. It's a mile-long hill, and negotiating it when it's sheathed in ice is a herculean task. Trucks and busses were piled up for its entire length, facing in every direction. How Wood-

Is Brotherly Love a Virtue in a Competitive Business World?



By Marquis W. Childs and Douglass Cater

"Where do Christian ethics fit in a society based on self-interest" is the urgent question asked in this inquiry into one of today's most important problems. Marquis W. Childs and Douglass Cater have based their book on a six volume study of religion and economics made under the sponsorship of the Federal (now National) Council of Churches. With authority and penetrating insight, they discuss such timely topics as Communism as a false religion, government regulation of business, the conflict between the individual conscience and business practice, the ethics of advertising and public relations.

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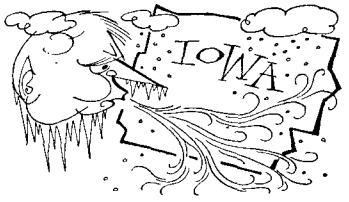
cock ever got us to the top I'll never know. We proceeded at a speed of two miles an hour, and made the last lap on a narrow footpath that skirted a ravine.

BY THIS TIME, HOWEVER, the fog was impenetrable, and it was obvious that there would be no lecture that night. When we finally slid into Cedar Falls the town—my prospective audience included—had been tucked in bed for hours and every road in Iowa had been declared officially closed. This was the first and only lecture I've ever missed, and I've promised to make up for it in the fall. Meanwhile, sitting over a 2:00 A. M. platter of sizzling eggs and bacon at the Woodcock bailiwick, we knew how Byrd must have felt the day he nailed down that Pole!



THE NEXT MORNING, all planes still were grounded, and the temperature was down to sixteen below. There was only one way to get to Ames, 108 miles away, and that was to hire a taxicab. I was due at Iowa State College for an evening lecture, and besides I wanted to visit Marshall Townsend and his staff at the College Press. It's one of the most successful in the country, and items like Beth McLean's "The Young Woman in Business" and Nell Nichols's "Good Home Cooking Across the U.S.A." have made the current season the most profitable in its history. (Another Iowa State Press publication bears the provocative title, "Fleas of Western North America." It's a sell-out.)

Dan Quinn, grandfather of seven, and a ringer for Yul Brunner, volunteered to drive me to Ames. Dan Quinn, it also developed, drove like a combination of Barney Oldfield and the winner of the All-American hot-rod championship for 1954. We skittered over the ice so fast that we wound up in Ames a full hour and a half before anyone expected us. Everybody was huddling around radiators and open fires, and there was only one solitary figure in the reception hall of the Student Union Building when I signed in.

He wandered over, plucked my sleeve tentatively, and asked "Aren't you Bennett Cerf?" "That I am," I admitted. "Well, well, well," he boomed. "My wife and I watch that TV program you're on religiously every Sunday night. Wait till I tell her I've met you in person!"

"Who might you be?" I asked amiably, and the rest of the conversation proceeded as follows:

"I'm the governor."

"The governor of what?"

"The governor of the state."

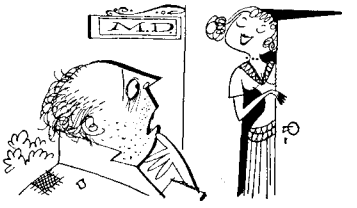
"The governor of what state?"

"*Iowa,* you damn fool."

"But nobody here is paying any attention to you."

"Nobody here ever *does!*"

Driver Dan Quinn confirmed the fact that this indeed was Governor



Bill Beardsley of Iowa, and together we headed happily for a cup of hot coffee in the Commons restaurant below. This is a great country!

THERE JUST IS ROOM for a story Colonel Ira Thompson told me the next morning aboard a plane for Ottumwa:

A wandering hobo had discovered through the years that doctors were comparatively soft touches, and his spirits rose when he saw a medico's shingle outside the door he was approaching. A beautiful young lady—typical Iowa State co-ed—answered his peal on the bell.

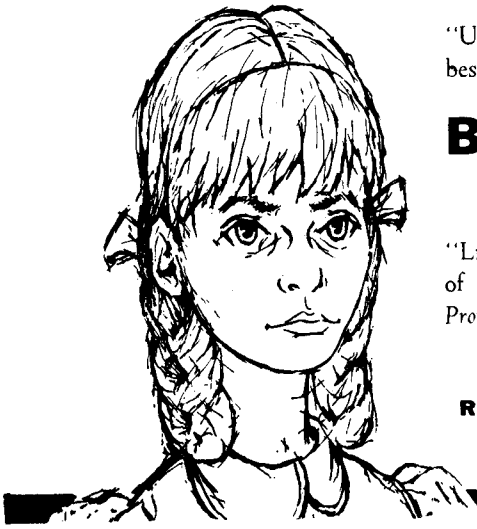
The hobo, looking as woebegone as possible, wheezed, "Do you think the good doctor could find an old pair of pants for a deserving fellow who's down on his luck?"

The girl chuckled, and replied, "Quite possibly, but I doubt they'd do you much good. You see, I happen to be the doctor."

—BENNETT CERF.

The Bad Seed

"SCORES A DIRECT HIT! ... No more satisfactory novel will be written in 1954 or has turned up in recent memory."—James Kelly, N. Y. Times Book Review



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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1052)

LOUIS GINSBERG:
SONG IN SPRING

As I went walking
The road from town,
I gazed at Heaven
By looking down.
Buttercups, daisies,
And dandelions . . .
And patches of violets
I could spy
Were busy marrying
Earth with sky.
Until I felt,
On days like this,
Spring was rehearsing
Genesis.

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The Saturday Review
MAY 29, 1954

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POLITICAL CARTOON

—*Nast in* Harper's Weekly, *January 22, 1876.*

THEY BOTH LIE DOWN TOGETHER IN THE WASHINGTON ARENA

DEMOCRATIC TIGER: "I am reformed, and am tamed now." REPUBLICAN LAMB: "I—I believe it."

By HENRY LADD SMITH

For many, many years the newspaper cartoonist was the major star in the journalistic firmament. He is so no longer: his influence is diminished, his numbers have been sorely reduced. Are we the poorer for it? Henry Ladd Smith, who is professor of journalism at the University of Wisconsin, asked himself this question while preparing a forthcoming book on the political influence of the press in American history, and suggests an answer in the article below.

ONLY a generation or so ago almost every self-respecting daily newspaper had its own political cartoonist. Usually he was the highest paid member of the editorial staff, and his work was invariably displayed in the most prominent section of the front page. Today few of these papers use such cartoons at all and if they do the panels are likely to be hidden away in the back pages. Even when such offerings appear with any regularity, they are of the "canned" or syndicated variety. In some ways this is very sad, for the cartoon has an honorable place in the history of American journalism, but it is by no means a dead loss.

It would be possible to write an interesting story of our country in terms of the political cartoon. Graphic satire is a kind of journalistic totem pole of our attitudes and feelings in the past. The earliest known example of such art was the snake cartoon, printed by Benjamin Franklin in his *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1754. Franklin was a delegate to an Albany conference called to ponder the problems of war with the French and Indians. Franklin called for greater unity of the colonies. The cartoon carried this message. It showed a snake cut up into sections: each segment representing a colony or region. The caption said: "JOIN, OR DIE." It was a device that was to appear often during the next twenty years as the colonies drifted toward revolution.

Early cartoons were crude by our standards, but they were probably more effective than they are today. They carried messages to a part of the public that could not read, and in a day when there were no such distractions as television, movies, photographs, or comics they had the whole field of visual entertainment pretty much to themselves.

The political cartoon developed with the rise of the party system following the War of Independence. All the bitterness of the class struggle, submerged during the war, exploded in violent partisanship during the discussion of the Constitution. The car-

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Probably the first American newspaper cartoon: from Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette*, May 9, 1754.

The duel between the Representatives Lyon and Griswold in Congress, 1798.

—*Herblock* (Washington Post, *1949*).
"The Bent Twigs."

toonist thrived in this stormy climate. A fine example of the period was the pictorial report of the Griswold-Lyon duel in the House of Representatives in 1798. From the simple drawing of the snake the cartoon had become a complexity of lines and words. The figures were stiff and unreal, but considering the difficulties of carving the design directly on the wood block, in reverse of course, it must be admitted that cartoon art had come a long way.

Until after the Civil War the cartoon was more likely to be seen in magazines than in newspapers. Newspaper type was set in narrow columns, with the borders, or "rules," locking the type to the revolving cylinder of the press. It was therefore inconvenient to print anything larger than one column in width—much too confining a space for effective cartoon presentation. But by 1870 the metropolitan papers were using presses and devices that no longer placed such limitations upon the printer, and from that time on some of the best graphic art was to be found in the newspaper.

During the period of President Grant, which was notorious for corruption, one of the worst of the public leeches was "Boss" William M. Tweed, leader of the Tammany Hall "ring" of political gangsters. Not content with stealing from the treasuries of New York City and the state, Boss Tweed also sold advantageous judicial decisions to financial pirates such as Jim Fisk and Jay Gould. He was utterly contemptuous of reformers, even when they presented him with proof of his rascality. The white knight who pitted himself against the Tammany dragon was a cartoonist, Thomas Nast. Late in 1870 his cartoons began to appear in *The New York Times* and *Harper's Weekly*. They were an instant success, partly because of their technical excellence, but even more because of their fearless attack upon an arrogant public enemy. For the first time, Boss Tweed and his gang began to fear public opinion.

TWEED tried to bribe the *Times*, then in a somewhat precarious position, after the death of its great founder, Henry J. Raymond. He offered Nast an impressive fortune if the cartoonist would take an extended "vacation" in Europe. The ring used pressure against the Harper publishing house, whose financial mainstay was the state contract for school textbooks. But the journalists stood firm. Eventually, Tweed and his henchmen were driven to prison or oblivion; unfortunately, there were other bosses ready to step into his shoes.

Nast was also famous for coining some of the cartoon symbols, so familiar to us today. He created the Tammany tiger and the GOP elephant, and he popularized the Democratic donkey.

Not as well known as Nast, but equally expert with the drawing board, was Joseph Keppler, an Austrian immigrant who first settled in the German-speaking community of St. Louis. There he published a magazine called *Puck* which specialized in graphic satire. After the lapse of a year, Keppler revived *Puck* in New York, where it thrived for more than a generation. In it appeared some of the finest cartoons of the period. Keppler was noted for his skill in facial expression. His figures were always recognizable because of their photographic likeness to the subject.

By the election of 1896 newspapers were vying with magazines to produce

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—*Fitzpatrick* (St. Louis Post-Dispatch, *1954*)

"Well, if it isn't my old pal—"

—*Davenport* (New York Journal, *1896*).

A campaign cartoon for Bryan run by W. R. Hearst.

—*Robert Minor* (The Masses, *1916*).

"Pittsburgh."

outstanding cartoonists. William Randolph Hearst had just invaded New York City. The great circulation war between Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer was thundering up and down Park Row. Both understood the popular appeal of graphic illustration. And though Pulitzer had pioneered in photo-engraving, cartooning, and comics, Hearst had the resources to outperform his rival. He not only hired away Pulitzer's best talent, but developed some of his own. Such a protégé was Homer Davenport, known to journalists for his portrayal of Mark Hanna, the Republican boss of Ohio.

HANNA was credited with putting William McKinley into the White House. Hearst was the only big publisher to support the Democratic rival, William Jennings Bryan. Through Davenport, Hearst focused his political wrath upon Hanna. To his biographers, Mark Hanna was a dignified, decent businessman whose word was as good as a gold bond. But that is not the way he appeared in Hearst's *Journal*. Davenport made Hanna to be a bloated monster in clothes pocked with dollar signs. This was to become the stereotype of all greedy titans and institutions, including "Wall Street," the "trusts," and the "speculator."

The first quarter of the twentieth century was the golden age of the political cartoonist. The issues were simple enough to be easily interpreted, and there was enough elemental violence in them to satisfy the satirist. One of the greatest of the period was Arthur Henry Young, better known as Art Young. He is not as famous today as some of his peers because he was involved in left-wing causes after the United States went to war in 1917, a form of activity as unpopular then as it is now. But in his day Young was the cartoonists' cartoonist. He was the first to produce a *daily* panel, for the old *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, around 1910. He is mentioned here because his work is in contrast to the primitive cartoons first mentioned in this article. Young showed that perfection must come from simplicity. He did not bother with the detail which was the trade mark of the Keppler-Nast school. Instead, he concentrated on the main issue and drove straight to the point.

The 1920's marked the high-water line of the political cartoon. True, some of the greatest graphic satirists in our history continued to delight their fans, such as Herbert Block ("Herblock") of the *Washington Post*, Daniel R. Fitzpatrick of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, or the Pulitzer prize-winning Berrymans, father and son, of the *Washington Star*. But on hundreds of dailies throughout the nation the staff cartoonist was fondly relegated to the same limbo as the printer's "stick." The cartoon magazines disappeared from the drugstore racks. One seldom heard any more such expressions as "Did you see what Donahey (or McCutcheon, or Darling) said today?" A powerful art form was on the decline.

THERE were good reasons for this. The crusading spirit at the turn of the century, manifested by the period of the "muckraker," gave way to the confusion and then the apathy of the tabloid era. A cartoonist thrives on the hot issues of the crusader, not on apathy and desperation. By the 1930's picture pages, wirephotos, and comics had siphoned off some of the enter-

(*Continued on page* 28)

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The Laws of O'Brienism

"Stranger Come Home," by William L. Shirer *(Little, Brown. 369 pp. $3.95), is a novel in the form of a diary, recording the return to America of a noted foreign correspondent and his bout with a form of hysteria known as "O'Brienism." Here it is reviewed by Maxwell Geismar, literary critic and historian, whose latest volume is "Rebels and Ancestors."*

By Maxwell Geismar

WILLIAM Shirer's new novel is cast in the form of a "Berlin Diary" which deals with the contemporary scene in the United States. As fiction "Stranger Come Home" has obvious shortcomings. As a documentary record of what "can't happen here"—and what has been happening—it is a first-class job. I read it with increasing fascination because it has one great artistic virtue —narrative power. It has one eminent intellectual merit: a hard, clear, objective view of political events today.

The central portrait is that of a certain Senator O'Brien. But the story actually deals with the social climate that allows such a demagogue to flourish. The hero-narrator is an American journalist in Europe who has decided to come back home before it is too late. One of his friends in the foreign diplomatic service has already been called back to answer Senator O'Brien's charges about "the wicked, scheming Bolsheviks in the State Department."

Another old friend has changed from a Communist fanatic to a fanatical anti-Communist who makes a good living by informing on *her* old friends. "Oh, Raymond, when will you wake up to the Red danger?" she cries. "I never closed my eyes to it," says Mr. Shirer's spokesman, "from the beginning, when you were giving your life to it. Remember, Elsie?" Yet back in New York he discovers that business circles, advertising executives, newspaper chains, and the radio industry itself are haunted by this fear and this obsession.

Mr. Shirer's journalist in the novel, who also remembers the social climate which led to the rise of dictatorships in Berlin and Rome, chooses to fight. When he defends his State Department friend, Steve Burnett, from Senator O'Brien's grotesque charges he is told to be careful about his weekly broadcasts. When Mark Robson, the president of F.B.C., puts through a loyalty oath for all employes of the company, he refuses to sign it, since it is another symbol of conforming to "O'Brienism." Then there is the Bert Woodruff of the novel, the embittered and half-demented newspaper columnist who "despises democracy, loathes organized labor, likes Franco, thinks Franklin Roosevelt was a crook"—and has more readers than any other columnist in the country.

I have hardly had time to describe the upperworld of advertising, communications, and mass entertainment which forms the background of "Stranger Come Home." The portraits of business tycoons, advertising vice-presidents, newspaper and magazine publishers known to everybody, are done in black and white. The point of view moves from the satirical to the note of moral condemnation or of melodrama. Yet the final judgments seem to me essentially correct, and the descriptions, if they lack subtlety or depth, have the accent of integrity.

It is the sense of personal integrity, indeed, quite as much as his political principles, which leads the hero of the narrative straight to Senator O'Brien's Congressional Committee for the "investigation" of his own career. And this trial scene is a fusion of Kafka's worst nightmares and Theodore Dreiser's most diabolical accounts of legal and political chicanery. It is at the center of the novel, and we are all its victims; just as we are all guilty in Senator O'Brien's eyes—and as, in the novel's climax, we stand before the bar of this slick new form of political tyranny, and learn exactly how it operates. Mr. Shirer is writing for a popular audience.

That Mr. Shirer's fictional hero is forced to defend his career and his convictions against the corrosive charges of these new partisans of a "limited democracy" is the American tragedy of our period. But that Mr. Shirer himself has come to the defense of full democratic values, of plain historical truth, and of common human decency, is a gain for all of us. We should read "Stranger Come Home" not so much for reasons of gratitude and pleasure as for the purposes of our own political education and survival.

THE AUTHOR: After a couple of decades of analyzing Germany William L. Shirer, a keen, pipe-smoking, fifty-year-old graduate student of political atmospheres who spent the Thirties giving a largely unresponsive world a course in Nazism, has at last traded in the Reich for the U.S.A. "This is my first book *not* about Germany," Shirer, who has four others to his name, exclaims, "and that's a relief, I can tell you." Shirer first got wrapped up in Germany in '34. By then he had been in Europe nine years, or eight years and ten months longer than he'd planned to stay when he arrived in '25, a history major fresh out of Coe College, Cedar Rapids. He had worked on the Paris editions of two U.S. newspapers before a syndicate (Hearst) sent him to Berlin. CBS later hired him to broadcast *Herrenvolk* carryings-on. Anyway, Germany, as they say, was his beat until he came home in '40, before "Berlin Diary" appeared. All in all, pieces of Shirer's life appear to have provided the substance of "Stranger Come Home," his second novel; his protagonist, for example, breaks with his network, he himself broke with CBS in '47 amid some controversy. Comparing fiction to radio, he notes: "I like writing books the best, I think, but I won't deny that when a big story breaks I'd like to be back on the air. In that respect my position is somewhat like Dewey's in regard to the White House—I'm always available." Fiction, an old passion of his (several dusty manuscripts in the attic), may have it all over non-fiction in recording history's moods, he feels. "I think you can tell a contemporary story more accurately, more honestly, certainly more fearlessly in fiction," he says. "Anyway, in these days of 'hysteria' and 'intolerance' it's a place where you can still say pretty much what you want. We've gone through these times before, and they've proved that people are not only indestructible but have the ability to come back. That sounds like a cliché, but I think you know what I mean."

—Bernard Kalb.

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Monsoon Miseries

"The Mango Season," by Kathryn Grondahl *(William Morrow. 247 pp. $3.50), tells of the climaxes reached in the lives of a number of members of the diplomatic set in Bangkok as the rainy season approaches. Our reviewer, Margaret Landon, is the author of "Anna and the King of Siam."*

By Margaret Landon

THE WHOLE action of Kathryn Grondahl's novel, "The Mango Season," takes place in a single week at the end of the hot season in Bangkok. It is May, and the monsoon rains are about to begin. In the meantime, the year has reached its climax in an orgy of heat.

This sense of climax oppresses the foreigners in Bangkok. They feel themselves impelled toward decisions, which otherwise might have floated indefinitely below the need for action. In particular, the unremitting heat impinges on the thoughts of Eleanora Shepperd. She is a frail and beautiful woman with red-gold hair, who had loved her first husband deeply, and is loved by her second, Jay Shepperd. She can no longer pretend she does not see that Jay is becoming an alcoholic. Her sense of obligation and her sense of helpless guilt bind her to inaction.

The story is told in a series of vignettes, set in a row, like pictures in a gallery. When one has walked the length of the gallery, a way of life comes clear, strange and fascinating, remote and yet believable. For Leonora Shepperd and the others around her belong to a special world, the ingrown world of diplomacy.

The action never moves inside the American Chancery in Bangkok. It is not concerned with diplomacy as such, but with the people whose lives are circumscribed by the routine that diplomacy imposes. Behind them unseen is the agglomeration of power which illuminates them, makes their lives meaningful, gives them a certain iridescence of glamor and superiority. They move through this special world, accepting it, as creatures of the sea move through its depths, hardly conscious of the strangeness it imparts to their lives.

Even so, they have moments of awareness. Thus, Jim Oliver, the American ambassador, who has reached the apex of his career and faces retirement wonders about his wife, whom he adores, and on whom he is greatly dependent: "Can she easily take on the role of American housewife, with no aura of diplomatic prestige?" He sighed a little. "Queenie loved to be important."

And Queenie, charming and adored, sweeps through her social duties with imperious kindness. Yet from her feudal height she cannot realize that young Maggie Piper wishes desperately that the ambassador's lady would refrain from stuffing her small son with potato chips just before lunch. But Maggie does not protest. Her husband faces his own climax, and Mrs. Oliver's delight in the Piper Cub is an important asset.

The week moves to its close. The rains come closer. One after another, quietly and for the most part alone, the people of "The Mango Season" approach and face the thing that each must face. The decisions are made. The future is accepted.

It is obvious from the first page that Mrs. Grondahl writes out of knowledge and that she writes well. She creates an atmosphere vaguely reminiscent of "Peking Picnic," without the external excitement that physical danger contributed to Ann Bridge's novel. It is not needed, however. "The Mango Season" has the intensely individual excitement that arises out of the strange made real.

Kathryn Grondahl "out of knowledge."

Manes Sperber "ambitions and sincere."

The Marxist at Bay

"Journey Without End," by Manes Sperber *(translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Doubleday. 317 pp. $3.75), the last in a trilogy about the disillusionment of Central European intellectuals with Communism, carries the story to the end of World War II.*

By Robert Pick

MANES SPERBER brings his trilogy about the illusions and the subsequent misery of the Communist (and, later, anti-Stalinist or ex-Communist) Central and Eastern European intelligentsia, begun in "The Burned Bramble" and continued in "The Abyss," to a conclusion in "Journey Without End." Looked at as a whole, these 1000 pages, covering the period from the middle Twenties to the end of World War II, form an impressive chronicle. The final volume deals with the years when the Moscow-led political underground mixed with, or posed as, the patriotic Underground in Nazi-Occupied countries. It is the most dramatic part of the trilogy. But it is also the most bewildering—and for those who look for answers, it is disappointing.

Sperber's scene shifts from the little town in Southern France where Duino Faber and Edi Rubin are hiding out in the winter of 1941-1942 to a tiny Adriatic island which an anti-Titoist as well as anti-Ustachi partisan band has turned into a stronghold—and then from the mountains of the Yugoslav mainland to a Polish village and its doomed ghetto. The fight is hopeless in both places; and there is small hope in Faber and none in Rubin, the Westernized Jew who has made his way through the whole of the Nazi continent to return to his original habitat. Yet in both places these two courageous men fight on, each in his own way. It is a tortuous way, and the reader is likely to stay on it only in the expectation of an approaching catharsis.

Is Mr. Sperber's final message encased in the moving story of Bynie, the adolescent son of the last "miracle rabbi" of Wolyna, a kind of boy lama who dies at a Catholic convent after telling his elders that "truth cannot be altered by men, for it is God's work and God's will"? Or is the author's last word to be heard in the silent despair of Duino Faber who returns to France only to find the Communists firmly entrenched there?

Perhaps it is unfair to clamor for a message beyond the abhorrence of

(*Continued on page 26*)

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—Acme.

MacArthur at the Tokyo Correspondents club—"ensconced in never-never land."

The Republic's Proconsul

"Typhoon in Tokyo," by Harry Emerson Wildes *(Macmillan. 356 pp. $4.50), is a critical examination of our Occupation of Japan when General MacArthur was proconsul. Lucy Herndon Crockett, who reviews it below, is the author of "Popcorn on the Ginza," based on her own experiences during the Occupation.*

By Lucy Herndon Crockett

ANYONE who has been even briefly connected with the Occupation of Japan—and by now our number is legion—picks up the latest book on the subject prepared rather belligerently to stack the author's observations against his own. Harry Emerson Wildes's bitter diatribe, in "Typhoon in Tokyo," against the antics performed in General MacArthur's one-ring circus will make many former members of his staff see red. Others, frustrated in their Tokyo days by senseless restrictions and directives, will be grateful for this record, wholly devoid of literary flourishes, which presents a heavily documented case of Occupation success almost entirely by default.

Mr. Wildes's book presupposes a somewhat academic interest in the Occupation, plus faith in the validity of statistics and a bookkeeper's fascination with them, and an ability to give substance to a host of Japanese names. It is the ardent outcry of a longterm, serious Oriental scholar against the often ingenuous, more often autocratic blunders made by General MacArthur's band of SCAP-happy neophytes—"a militaristic bureaucracy, comfortably ensconced in never-never land, safeguarded by censorship from realities, living from day to day in blissful ignorance of how long the paradise would endure."

Grimly and methodically the author goes about the business of exploding the MacArthur fairy tale, or certainly scattering what scraps of it are left. From inner sancta at SCAP the infinitely complex Occupation was run by instinct and inspiration, with emphasis on the latter —usually, the author propounds, to the befuddlement of the Nipponese. "The situation might have been remedied had the top brass been better informed and more accessible, or had they taken more initiative; but all too many modeled themselves on the Supreme Commander's pattern."

General MacArthur never once stirred from Tokyo to check the effects of his administration; his section chiefs were under orders not to leave the capital without special permission. "Each section chief knew that he was expected to build a new and democratic Japan speedily; but few knew what to do."

The many competent experts, their efforts more often than not nullified, were usually tucked away in offices under arbitrary military bosses wholly inexperienced in their assigned responsibilities. The staffs of majors and captains in responsible roles consisted for the most part of young civilians hastily recruited by Washington procurement officers whom Tokyo called "body-snatchers."

Mr. Wildes, an Old Japan Hand and a student and analyst of Japanese development for more than thirty years, is slightly bitter that the Occupation chiefs did not rely more on the advice of Old Japan Hands. However presumptuous it would seem to do so, readers with personal experience of Occupied Japan will find many statements in this book which they will wish to qualify in the light of their own impressions.

The author's sympathies lean strongly towards the Japanese, whom he sees reeling under a military dictatorship manifestly inconsistent with the democracy preached. Our errors, as recorded here, become incredibly gross. On the purge of those responsible for the war (carried out with such misdirected zeal that at one time the rehabilitation of Japan was seriously jeopardized when experienced, capable leaders were found to have been effectively cleaned out of every field):

> MacArthur and his men preached justice, yet their purge convicted men on the unsupported word of anonymous informers, denied purgees a fair trial, requiring a victim to prove his innocence, violated the individual human rights which MacArthur had insisted the Japanese recognize, and, by a later extension, punished a man's relatives, to the third degree, for acts which they themselves had not committed. The purge was certainly necessary; but careless and mechanical administration and deliberate misrepresentation of its nature were inexcusable.

However the reader may view Mr. Wildes's denunciations of the incompetence, stupidity, and downright silliness once emanating from Tokyo, he will be interested in what he has to say on the steady and effective work of leftist elements within the Occupation, and among the Japanese ("Communists took full advantage of the Occupation's earnest desire to play fair with them"); the embar-

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rassing about-face we have had to make, for geopolitical expediency, on our stand on Japanese militarism and the monopolistic operations of the Zaibatsu; and the results of the Great Land Reform.

Those who prefer to weave a pinball course among the plethora of statistics will elicit from the pages a fantastic picture of an operation which might have been expressly designed to enhance the personality of one man. The author writes with scorn of such activities as the official Occupation history, or as he calls it the Great MacArthur History, a project on which half a hundred high-priced men and women, to a total cost probably exceeding $3,000,000, worked for six years. "The entire staff knew that the purpose was to glorify MacArthur." And yet no final, comprehensive report was ever published.

His contempt is manifest for the inner circle closest to the Supreme Commander, a tight little band made up mostly of friends from Manila days, such as Major General Courtney Whitney, head of Military Government, and General Charles Willoughby, Chief of Intelligence—each hating the other, permitting inter-office rivalry to affect the operation of their departments, jockeying for position closest to their exalted leader, held together by almost fanatical loyalty to him, and sharing a bitter resentment towards General Eisenhower over in Europe and the ETO boys who began to infiltrate SCAP.

This book sheds a light, far from flattering, on actual Occupation accomplishments. All in command were not totally inept; rather grudgingly the author hands out a few orchids. And he concedes that, when all was said and done, the Occupation did well. "Program after program failed; but its ideals remained." Almost reluctantly he states: "Despite the Occupation and despite the cancellation of its edicts, important changes had occurred . . . Japanese who once had prided themselves on their uniqueness, cast off their insularity. . . . The people were holding up their heads; laborers and farmers, especially, were displaying self-respect."

He then reminds us that these were matters for which no Occupation staff section was responsible, and for which none of the multitude of directives had been issued.

Admitting that GIs were generally "excellent ambassadors," Mr. Wildes credits two groups with whatever success may be claimed for the Occupation: "A devoted middle brass, working without adequate direction," and an "amazingly cooperative Japanese populace."

The Calamitous 7th

"The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor," by Rear Admiral R. A. Theobald, USN (Ret.) (Devin-Adair, 202 pp., $3.50), argues the thesis, in lawyer's-brief fashion, that F. D. Roosevelt deliberately goaded Japan into World War II. Below it is reviewed by Rear Admiral A. H. McCullom, USN (Ret.), who at the time of Pearl Harbor was head of the Far Eastern Division of Naval Intelligence.

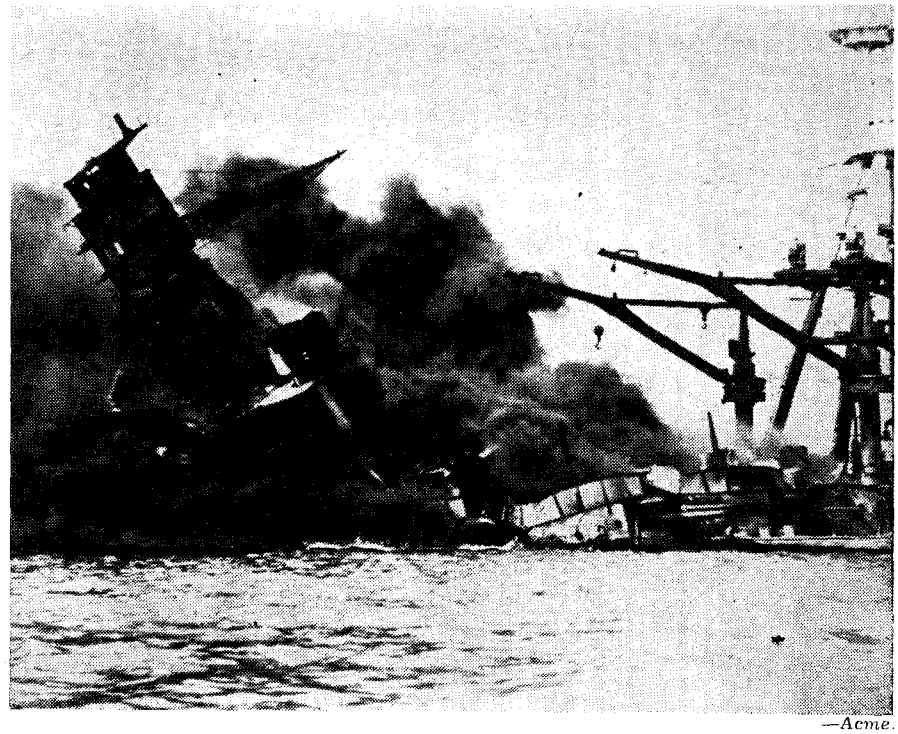
By A. H. McCullom

THE "author's introduction" to Rear Admiral R. A. Theobald's "The Final Secret of Pearl Harbor" is the key to the tenor of his book. In it, Admiral Theobald states: "The normal sequence of deductive reasoning is discarded in favor of the order used in a legal presentation. The case is stated at the outset, and the evidence is marshalled and discussed." Thus the author, with commendable candor, gives due notice that he is out to prove a case and in consequence will present only those facts and his own deductions therefrom that tend to support that case.

Admiral Theobald's thesis is the somewhat overworked and stale one that the consummately clever and adroit Franklin Delano Roosevelt, then President of the United States, deliberately goaded Japan into war as a means of insuring United States entry into the European war on the side of the British. In order to achieve his purpose—so the argument runs—the President connived with the highest civil and military officials in the government in Washington and, presumably, with high military and naval commanders in the remoter reaches of the Pacific to induce Japan to start the war by a surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. The plot went even farther: Admiral Kimmel and General Short, the American commanders in the Hawaiian area, and their forces were carefully prepared and deliberately tricked into slaughter as a human sacrifice that was thought necessary to arouse the American people.

In the development of his thesis, Admiral Theobald seems to disregard or dismiss as worthless much of the testimony of practically every high official, civil or military, then in the government, and, perhaps as important, that of high naval commands in the Far East. Moreover, he appears to have drawn some rather unusual conclusions from his data. He makes much of the efforts of the United States to deter Japan from further armed aggressions in Asia in 1940 and 1941 and interprets these diplomatic moves as conclusive evidence of a goading of Japan into war. Other students and observers of events, then and now, are generally of the view that these same moves were but a logical expression of American foreign policy at least as old as John Hay and

(*Continued on page* 25)



—Acme.

The *Arizona* dying —"deliberately tricked into slaughter [?]"

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The Palmy Days of Papa

"The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway," by Charles A. Fenton *(Farrar, Straus & Young. 302 pp. $5) and* ***"The Art of Ernest Hemingway," by John Atkins*** *(Roy Publishers. 245 pp. $4.50) are two attempts to interpret critically the work of the greatest living American novelist: the first, by an American, follows his career from high school through journalism; the latter, by a Briton, examines the full corpus of his work. Our reviewer, Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton University, is the author of "Hemingway: The Writer As Artist."*

By Carlos Baker

"YOU get two kinds of critical studies," the man said. "I call them the hands-up and the hand-me-down. In the first the author says hands-up to the truth, which surrenders, more or less. It's the kind of study that requires legwork, brainwork, and library work. The author checks with care his facts and his interpretations; then he presents them with an equal sense of responsibility both to the realities of the matter and the integrity of his own book. The second is the kind of book you dream up while sitting on your preconceptions like a rooster on a nest of porcelain eggs. The trouble with the hand-me-down eggs is that someone else put them there. They can be sat on for a long time and very little of value will be forthcoming."

In a rough way the man's generalization fits two books I have before me. Charles A. Fenton's "The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway" is a hands-up book, a thorough and revealing study of Hemingway's seven years' apprenticeship to the art of writing. This began with the Oak Park High School's *Trapeze* magazine in 1916, and closed with Hemingway's farewell to the Toronto *Star* on December 31, 1923. John Atkins's "The Art of Ernest Hemingway" is bright, witty, well-intentioned, frequently perceptive. Yet it is likely to strike most American readers as essentially a hand-me-down, porcelain-egg kind of study. There is much brooding over the thought of others, some light skipping from roost to roost. But Mr. Atkins never seems to discover the vertebral structure which would give his work life, purpose, and critical dignity.

The vertebrae of Hemingway's early years are the places he knew and worked in, as high-school journalist, cub reporter, American Field Service ambulance driver, feature-writer, and foreign correspondent. With much leg and library work, Mr. Fenton patiently tracks him from Oak Park to Kansas City, the Italian front, Toronto, Chicago, Paris, Genoa, Strasbourg, the Schwarzwald, Asia Minor, Lausanne, Cortina d'Ampezzo, the Ruhr, Paris again, Toronto again. Hardly a page in the book which does not contain some new information, straighten out a tangled chronology, explode an old rumor, or settle a moot point. The places, yes, and the people. Especially the people the young man worked with and for: his high-school teachers (first-rate and interested); Wellington and Moise of the Kansas City *Star;* Cranston, Bone, and Hindmarsh of the Toronto *Star* and *Star Weekly;* Harrison Parker of the *Co-operative Commonwealth,* an ill-starred trade journal in Chicago; William Bolitho Ryall, star European correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian,* later known as William Bolitho. Among such stars as these Hemingway earned his stripes, emerging at age twenty-four as a veteran journalist or, as he still likes to call himself, "an old newsman."

We have in America an honorable record of literary apprenticeships served in journalism. George Washington Cable, Stephen Crane, Ring Lardner, and Mark Twain are among Hemingway's predecessors in the hard and practical school of observation, truth-telling, compression, and deadline-hitting.

"Other factors," writes Fenton, "contributed to the . . . apprenticeship, including war, travel, sport, and a variety of vocational and literary associations." But the experience as journalist was "extensive, sustained, and purposeful, involving influences which have been overlooked or misunderstood. It was a powerful force in the formation of the style and attitudes which have been generally regarded as characteristic of his mature work."

Hemingway's high-school journalism was neither better nor worse than that of many talented youngsters, but he was fortunate in the Misses Margaret Dixon and Fannie Biggs, two of his English teachers, who combined honesty with sympathy, and good sense with good taste, to give the boy a solid start. He was equally lucky in his choice of Kansas City as the place to start his cub reporting. The *Star* was then one of the six leading newspapers in the United States; its boast was that it trained its men well, and Hemingway's rigorous course of sprouts was served under C. G. Wellington.

IN the next five years he completed his apprenticeship, and gradually achieved the transition from reporter to artist. Mr. Fenton's account of this period is far fuller and more accurate than the vague and often contradictory rumors that have been beaten back and forth over the past thirty years. It is also continuously informative and interesting, avoiding the sensational, carefully charting out the moves by which the artist was made: the war in Italy, the return to newspaper work in Toronto and Chicago, the new departure for Europe, the interviews with Clemenceau (Hemingway admired him) and Mussolini (Hemingway hated him), the war between the Turks and the Greeks, the Peace Conference at Lausanne, the Ruhr Occupation, and the voyage home to Toronto in 1923. And the writing, always the writing, some of it wretched, some careless and cynical, but all of it contributing to the hammering out of a memorable style on the anvil of the young man's heavy-duty Corona. Mr. Fenton, in short, has given us a valuable and useful book.

It is not entirely otherwise with Mr. Atkins. He disarmingly and honestly says that his book is "full of hollow places . . . which will have the appearance of caverns to those who honour it with their full attention." Having so honored it, one finds that, though often concave, it is also sometimes convex. There are the acute perceptions: "When hatred or dislike get the better of him, Hemingway's accuracy suffers." Or the observation on "how important death is in Hemingway's feelings about life, how automatically life presents itself to him as a brief interlude in aeons of death." Or Hemingway's discovery, not so recent as Mr. Atkins seems to think, that "the secret of life lies in communion."

One finds other convexities, like this one on Hemingway as symbolist. "There is never any feeling of strain, any suspicion that a description is a nicely planned piece of symbolism. Often, of course, it is symbolic—but always out of its own trueness. It is symbolic in the way

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that life itself can suddenly become symbolic. . . . But classical symbolism . . . is rarely to be found in Hemingway's work." Or this, on Hemingway as alleged arch-priest of you-know-what. "Altogether too much fuss has been made over the Lost Generation. Hemingway is always represented as tolling their knell to the accompaniment of *Götterdämmerung* drinking. Emphasis is always laid on lack of this, that, or the other. History has proved the thesis wrong. The Lost Generation (or one-hundred-thousandth part of it) was having a well-earned party. . . . But what about the emergence of Hemingway as a serious writer of the first class? Of Ford producing his Tietjens trilogy, Dos Passos his 'U.S.A.' novels, Cummings his poetry?" Or even the over-gloomy disquisition in Chapter 8 on a text provided by Hemingway himself: "We, as citizens, are governed by fear and guided by frustration, using a noncorrected compass." Such instances of critical acumen should not be forgotten despite the fact that, when Mr. Atkins hits one of his hollow caverns, he is likely to be found at the deep end.

"Most modern American criticism," writes Mr. Atkins, "gives the impression . . . of having been written by Olympians in bow ties." Not bad. But the witticism comes in a book which often reads like something talked into a tape-recorder while the author searched through a dark cave for the missing link. "God forgive me," he cries at one point, "I am trying to do homage to a great writer." The homage is undermined with obtuse judgments, as when Hemingway is characterized as a "very up-to-date Hardy," or when Mr. Atkins records his suspicion that Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is "only a development of Richard Gordon, the writer in 'To Have and Have Not.'" What are we to make of the opinion that "The Torrents of Spring" may turn out to be Hemingway's most important book "when there is an educated public"? He believes with Edwin Muir and others that the pattern of Hemingway's "development" has been from Natural Man to Political Man and then back again to Natural Man, that howling oversimplification whose ghost ought to have been laid long ago. He quotes with approval Mr. Muir's opinion that the Natural Man, "driven and goaded and denied natural satisfaction," can find no recourse but to retire into himself "to lick his wounds or seek forgetfulness in drink or sex." This, surely, is speleological nonsense. The best antidote for it is the reading of such non-Olympian, fore-in-hand, modern American criticism as Mr. Fenton's.

M. T. upon his *amphibia cadavera.*

World of Huck's Dad

"The Adventures of Mark Twain," by Jerry Allen *(Little, Brown, 341 pp. $4.50), is partly a narrative biography of Samuel L. Clemens that draws upon his autobiographical writings as well as other sources, partly a study of his social criticism. Our reviewer, Edward Wagenknecht, is the author of "Mark Twain, The Man and His Work."*

By Edward Wagenknecht

JUST where Jerry Allen's "The Adventures of Mark Twain" is to stand upon the lengthening shelf of Twainia is somewhat doubtful, for though it is absorbingly interesting throughout, it is not all of a piece. She begins with the idea of producing a purely narrative work, based not only upon all that has been recorded by Mark Twain's biographers from Albert Bigelow Paine to Dixon Wecter, but also by what she believes to be the autobiographical material which Mark himself set down in his own books, both fiction and nonfiction. This method is justified to the extent that Mark Twain was one of the most autobiographical of writers, and one who created by dramatizing his own personality; but Miss Allen's use of it creates problems. The whitewashing scene in "Tom Sawyer," for example, here presented as part of Mark's biography, was certainly not recorded by him with literal truthfulness; furthermore, it is a heavy handicap for any biographer to be compelled to place her own paraphrase alongside what a great creative writer has already recorded in his own way.

There is a good deal of paraphrase in Miss Allen's pages, not only from Mark Twain but also from other writers. I must make it clear that I am not criticizing her for this: she could not have written her kind of book without it, and though there are places where I think she is wrong—the best critical opinion seems to be that Isaiah Sellers did not use the pen-name "Mark Twain" before Samuel L. Clemens, and that the killing of the soldier in "The Private History of a Campaign That Failed" is not fact but embellishment—I regard her method as a legitimate one and consider her to have used it conscientiously. If her book is mosaic work, it is mosaic work that is alive.

Then, at the beginning of her fourth division, she drops her chronological and narrative method altogether and jumps over nine years (which she takes up again, in rather zig-zag fashion, in her fifth and last book), and loops back to "A Connecticut Yankee," which she erroneously says Mark Twain considered his greatest book, and then to "Huckleberry Finn," both of which she studies largely for their sociological interest. The rest of Book IV is devoted to a study of Mark Twain's social criticism during his last years, from which many long extracts are given.

Miss Allen has not used the Mark Twain Papers at Berkeley, but she has used some unpublished material in the Berg Collection at the New York Public Library, and she has had the benefit of criticism and advice from Clara Clemens Samossoud. I suspect that she has quoted from both these sources, though her study is quite innocent of all documentation. In her preface she says that the "happenings" in her book "are sedulous as to fact, verified truth. Like the works of the author of 'Innocents Abroad,' it is laced around the edges with some verified embroidery." I confess I do not know what this means, but the most reasonable guess would be that, in trying to make her book read like a novel, the author has occasionally availed herself of novelistic license.

There is some rather unnecessary background material (heavily dependent upon Frederick Lewis Allen and Lloyd Morris), in the latter part of this book. The general reader will find this one of the most readable of all books about Mark Twain. The specialist will value it for its gusto and sympathy and for the odds and ends of information contained in it which are not elsewhere readily available.

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The Elusive General Washington

***"George Washington's America," by John Tebbel** (E. P. Dutton. 478 pp. $5), describes what the most-traveled American of his day saw on his journeys. In reviewing it, Carl Bridenbaugh, professor of history at the University of California at Berkeley, considers the strengths and weaknesses of the shelf of writing about our first President.*

By Carl Bridenbaugh

AMERICAN history is particularly rich in good biographies. It is ironical, however, that definitive lives of the leading founders of the Republic are either still to be written or yet incomplete—such is the case with Jefferson, Hamilton, and especially George Washington. What today's average citizen wants is a readable and authoritative one-volume life of the man who, by common consent, is regarded as the greatest American.

The writing of a biography of George Washington poses certain difficult problems. Immediately after his death, Washington ceased to be a real personage and, shrouded in myths, became a figure so sacred that anyone attempting to evaluate his life and actions critically faced almost certain disapproval. As a soldier and a statesman he had a much longer public life than most men—forty-five years—and it was a crowded and eventful life. By no standard a literary man, he yet wrote a tremendous number of very good letters and received many more; the materials for his biography are not merely ample, they are formidable. Although he was a bear for paper work, Washington was primarily a man of action rather than contemplation, and his writings seldom afford even a glimpse of his inner being. Consequently he has always proved a baffling figure.

But we have yet to be told this by any biographer. Washington's life exhibits no critical problems like those of Jefferson and Hamilton. The problem is to grasp the essential man; it is one of synthesis and characterization. Here is where the late Douglas Southall Freeman's massive and useful study ending in 1783 fails him who would compress Washington into a single volume. The portion of his career on which we sorely need a sound estimate is that from 1783 to his death, particularly his role as President of the infant United States, his concepts of government, his place as a party leader. For these years all we now have is a glimpse of the dignified classical silhouette of the Father of His Country.

What then can one read about George Washington? Of the one-volume lives, Paul Leicester Ford's "The True George Washington" (1896) is in many respects still the most satisfying; Shelby Little's "George Washington" and John C. Fitzpatrick's "George Washington Himself" were published for the Bicentennial of 1932. No writer, however, is likely to surpass the insights and literary charm of the forty pages of S. E. Morison's "The Young Man Washington" now happily reprinted in "By Land and By Sea" (1953). But here the list ends.

Most historical scholars have elected to write on one aspect of this busy life: on the soldier, the farmer, Washington and the West, the traveler. This latter feature concerns John Tebbel, in his new volume "George Washington's America." Many eighteenth-century Americans traveled this country far and wide, but the great Virginian outdid them all. Mr. Tebbel seeks to tell "the story of Washington's travels over the face of America, how he looked to the nation, and how the nation appeared to him. . . . Inevitably, of course, a biographical portrait emerges. . . ." This work is frankly aimed at a popular audience, not at schoolmen. Yet it is uncertain how much popular appeal the book will have because of the very nature of the author's conception. It does not appear to me to come off, being neither a good life of Washington nor a picture of his America from which the average reader can take away any connected impressions. Each episode chronicled is in itself entertaining, but a series of anecdotes requires a thread to join them in order to prevent confusion in the mind of the reader. There is nothing here to sustain interest. The book is reasonably accurate, the style is clear; but Mr. Tebbel is impaled on his literary device. His volume has no focus, no real point. The very large popular audience for a good one-volume work on George Washington is still to be satisfied.

—From "The Autobiography of George Washingt

President Washington's watermark.

Salutes to New Nature

***"New Green World," by Josephine Herbst** (Hastings House. 272 pp. $4), the first volume in the American Procession Series, is a biography of John Bartram, eighteenth-century naturalist. Below it is reviewed by Alan Devoe, author of "Our Animal Neighbors" and other volumes on nature.*

By Alan Devoe

MOST of us who can read, or even peer with some attention at television, know at least a little about John James Audubon. That lyrist of the early American wilderness was a romantic figure, and has been romanticized. Fewer may know anything of Peter Kalm, the Swedish explorer-botanist who traveled the Hudson, the Blue Mountains, the Great Lakes and Niagara areas before 1750. Alexander Wilson, ornithologist? Recognition falters. Over the name of John Bartram, or that of his son William, it is likely to fail altogether.

The early naturalists of America, John Bartram especially, have been waiting for an appropriate rescue. This has come now, in "New Green World," at the somewhat unexpected hands of the novelist Josephine Herbst. As a card-carrying member of the Book Reviewers' Union, I am duly aware of the perils of enthusiasm and mindful of Rule 3, Section 8, which says: "Always hedge your superlatives and never go out on a limb." However, hang all this. Under the spell of "New Green World," coming simultaneously with the spell of the new green world now blossoming all around, let it be said at once and simply: This is an outstandingly fine book, a brilliant contribution to na-

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ture writing and Americana, a book of rare perception, evocation, and permanent worth.

"New Green World," though written by a novelist, is not that dubious and distrustable thing, "fictionalized" biography. It is straight biography, factful, carefully composed, resolutely non-fiction. It is written, however, with an accomplished novelist's imaginative insight, sympathetic intimacy, and suave felicity in the telling. The story of John Bartram, it is far from being only that. Done in depth and dimensions, it is at once the life of Bartram (with that of his son attaching), an admirable parade of eighteenth-century nature discoveries and discoverers, a skilful reconstruction of the mood and atmosphere of the Colonial America of Ben Franklin, and not least (though this must not put any reader off, so gently and disarmingly is it accomplished) an eloquent presentation of Bartram's Natural Religion.

John Bartram, born in 1699 near Philadelphia, was a Quaker farmer—good farmer and, as Quakers thought, bad Quaker. He believed in Nature, the sovereign Source, with passionate faith. He mistrusted dogmatic orthodoxy. This was the temper of the Deists of the day; but has also been the mood of Nature votaries in other seasons, before Bartram and including now. By the time he was ten he had fallen in love with plants—and with everything else in the "shaggy garden" of earth, but with plants particularly. In off-seasons from farming, he traveled in the wilderness, in "Pennsylvania, Onondago, Oswego, to Lake Ontario in Canada," collecting seeds, keeping records, sending specimens to patrons and friends in England, all the time celebrating "the blessings of Nature," "the Wisdom of the Source." In 1765 named Botanist to the King, he explored the St. John in Florida with his son William. (The birds called Bartramian sandpipers are named for William.) William, out-Bartraming even his father in the exalted luxuriance of his Nature-vision, had a long life of delighted contemplation of outdoors, saluting (as he summed it up) "this world as a glorious apartment of the boundless palace of the Sovereign Creator, furnished with an infinite variety of animated scenes, inexpressibly beautiful and pleasing, equally free to the inspection and enjoyment of all his creatures." John Bartram was restored to the adored Source of plants, birds, beasts, woods, waters, and naturalists in 1777, at seventy-eight; William in 1823, at eighty-four. They had had an extraordinary gift, as Miss Herbst says, for "living an intensity within quietude."

Faithless Patriot

"Traitorous Hero," by Willard M. Wallace *(Harper, 394 pp. $5), is a new biography of Benedict Arnold. John R. Alden, who reviews it below, is professor of history at the University of Nebraska, and author of the volume in The New American Nation Series on "The American Revolution."*

By John R. Alden

IT IS a great pleasure to be able to hail the appearance of a sound biography of Benedict Arnold, one which supersedes all earlier full-length studies of that remarkable man. The extraordinary career of Arnold will doubtless lead to the production of more biographies concerning him. However, unless hitherto unexploited documents casting new light upon the great traitor are discovered, such volumes will add little to learning. Willard M. Wallace has written in "Traitorous Hero" a life of Arnold as nearly definitive as may now be.

Mr. Wallace is not one of those scholars who write only for a few other scholars; his subject is intrinsically a fascinating one, and he has not dulled its appeal. On the contrary, he writes with smoothness, vigor, and color. Here is one of those relatively rare books that will both satisfy scholars and please readers who prefer diversion to learning.

The author does not claim to have found large quantities of new evidence, nor does he pretend to have answered finally all the questions which have arisen in connection with Arnold. He does not even assert that he has plumbed the depths (or should it be shallows?) of Arnold's personality, a feat which has been accomplished by many persons far less familiar with Arnold than Mr. Wallace. Examining the contemporary records, profiting from studies made by scholarly predecessors, making use of the wealth of information which he acquired in producing his first book, "Appeal to Arms," an excellent short military history of the War of Independence, Mr. Wallace has tried to find the truth, has avoided indulgence either in wholesale castigation or in undue sympathy. Although he finds it necessary to express doubt about several traditions concerning Arnold, such as the oft-told tale of the traitor's death-bed repentance, he is able nevertheless to tell a surprisingly full story. He describes at some length Arnold's boyhood, young manhood, and his years of exile in England, Canada, and the West Indies, as well as his career as a military officer in the Revolution. He has, justly, a very high opinion of Arnold's military abilities and achievements, finding him to have possessed qualities for command much like those of General George Patton, though certainly not Patton's moral standards. He brings out clearly Arnold's brilliant achievements in the patriot attempt to conquer Canada in 1775-1776, in the struggle for control of Lake Champlain which followed, and in the Burgoyne campaign of 1777. He gives Arnold the major credit for the success of the Americans in the first battle of Freeman's Farm.

In describing Arnold's treachery Mr. Wallace properly gives no credence to Arnold's later claim that he had never favored independence, and little to the general's later assertion that the Franco-American alliance alarmed him and pushed him toward the British; nor is the author convinced that Peggy Shippen Arnold exercised major influence upon her husband immediately after their marriage.

He finds a major key to the Arnold-Clinton-André conspiracy in the American general's lust for money. He thinks just and unjust criticism heaped upon Arnold probably had much to do with his decision to go over to the British. The moderate circumstances of the family into which he was born, the fact that his father was a drunkard, his own lifelong pursuit of wealth and position, his love of luxury and display, his arrogance, recklessness, ill-tempered pugnacity, lack of scruple, and frequent assertions of personal rectitude, as Mr. Wallace indicates, do suggest paranoia.

There never was any doubt among historians familiar with his career

General Arnold—"authentic traitor."

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that Arnold was an authentic hero and an equally authentic traitor. It is to be hoped, but hardly to be expected, that Mr. Wallace's book, together with James Thomas Flexner's recent volume, "The Traitor and the Spy," will put an end to romantic theories concerning the patriot general's perfidy. That Arnold was merely a much abused man who sadly erred in a tempest of anger is a fancy that has endured amazingly. In any case, Mr. Wallace deserves only praise for his fine biography.

An Elder's Politics

FRANKLIN AND FOREIGN POLICY: Although the literature on Benjamin Franklin, the oldest and perhaps the wisest of our Founding Fathers, is extensive, he remains to this day something of an enigma. Scholars have found it impossible to fit this many-sided individual neatly into any particular classification, unless they were content with oversimplification. Even when one views some limited area of Franklin's activities he discovers complexity. In his analytical study of **"Benjamin Franklin and American Foreign Policy"** (University of Chicago Press, $4.50), Gerald Stourzh has performed a difficult task with notable success.

He has examined Franklin's writings, has compared them with his actions, and has reached conclusions which are enlightening and significant as interpretations of the political thought of this great man. The study follows both a topical and chronological arrangement. It examines Franklin's ideas concerning the position of the colonies in the British Empire, his attitude toward the struggle between France and England for supremacy on the American Continent, his thinking as he came to advocate independence, his diplomacy with France in the light of his opposition to foreign entanglements, his negotiations leading to the treaty of peace, and his desires regarding reconciliation with the mother country after the war. A "curious interdependence of moral with power-political considerations" runs through his public career. He was an expansionist and an isolationist, he abhorred war and preached preparedness, "he ever refused to become the prisoner of extreme alternatives," and he believed in "enlightened self-interest, based upon the principle of mutuality and equity."

A serious work, based on extensive research and sound scholarship, this book will be welcomed by those who have an interest in Franklin and in the history of American foreign relations. —JAMES F. HOPKINS.

EDUCATION

Progress by the Book

"American Scholarship in the Twentieth Century," edited by Merle Curti *(Harvard University Press, 252 pp. $4.50), is a report on progress in seven fields of the humanities and social sciences. David H. Stevens, who reviews it here, formerly was director of the division for the humanities of the Rockefeller Foundation and is the author of "The Changing Humanities."*

By David H. Stevens

AMERICAN scholarship in the humanities and social sciences has made this continent a "new world" in ideas and ideals. Despite all hindering evils, it will continue to do so through the creative services of its scholars.

Wisdom comes into the public mind through the free use of knowledge dispassionately sought after and taught. That truth is taught convincingly by the seven scholars who speak to us through the pages of "American Scholarship in the Twentieth Century," a symposium edited by Merle Curti. The philosopher among them stated the case for scholarship tersely, as being that which places wisdom "in" a civilization—"not as books in a library or earrings in the ears," but as a living order and sanity "in the purposes and behavior of the growing mind." This growing mind is of all age levels and at work in all local, national, and international relationships of men. With such proportions these representative scholars have stated their reports of American progress.

First of their retrospective surveys is a general chapter on the social sciences. The four that follow have familiar limiting terms of historical, literary, classical, and philosophical scholarship. The five who write in this order are Louis Wirth, W. Stull Holt, René Wellek, Walter R. Agard, and Arthur E. Murphy. Their editor and fellow contributor, Mr. Curti, opens the way of the reader in a chapter on the setting and problems of their fifty-year survey.

The Curti preview of change in American scholarship has clarity and range. It carries a fine subordinate value that is common to the other parts, and appendix of critical comment on the works and writers that were discussed in the text. An important segment of the Curti text is on the work of the Association of American University Professors in behalf of intellectual freedom. Though written on the rights of scientists and scholars, the passage can give to the industrialist, the political leader, and the apostle of labor much substance for silent reflection and public praise.

The wealth of values in the five basic chapters appears first in the fifty pages by Louis Wirth, product and leader of thought in the society he depicted. His last general view of the social sciences, the chapter is a scholar's testament. In it are the definitions of change under such leaders as Wesley C. Mitchell in economics; of the fine, pervasive spread of influences from a primitive sociology through the work of Albion W. Small and successive research workers; and of an equally diverse influence from anthropology, made significant in patterns forecast in the work of Franz Boas.

Contrast appears in the writings of Mr. Holt on history and of Mr. Wellek on literature. Both statements are valid in their own terms. Holt admirably views the familiar landmarks in American historical studies, with some overview of international implications. Wellek writes out of a European structure in criticism to point toward a new way in the area of his own dominant strength. The Agard chapter possesses classical fineness of expression, restraint and tolerance toward unceasing change. It gives the story of evolutionary growth in classical scholarship, credits the great merits of American schools abroad, and the contributions of service by our university presses.

Queen and judge of the other intellectual disciplines, though perhaps neglected of late, philosophy appropriately has the final word. The puzzled layman, turning from news stories on the "state" of American education, will find much help in the Murphy review of the actual ideas attached to the names of workers in such broad subjects as esthetics, education, and religion. This chapter makes place likewise for the story of philosophical research. Thus in its last words, as in the whole, this book presents adequate proof of the relationship of scholarship to life.

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Salvation of the Wellsprings

"Essays on Education," by A. Whitney Griswold *(Yale University Press. 164 pp. $2.75), is a collection of addresses and reports by Yale's president, most of them celebrating the values of liberal education. Here it is reviewed by Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College.*

By Harold Taylor

"THE liberal arts inform and enlighten the independent citizen of a democracy in the use of his own resources . . ." says A. Whitney Griswold. "They are the wellsprings of a free society."

This is the theme of the addresses and reports which Mr. Griswold has collected from those he has made during the first three years of his presidency of Yale University and published in a volume called "Essays on Education." He finds it ironic that it should be necessary to state and defend so obvious a truth, and that educators should be forced constantly to direct public attention to the fact that liberal education is society's greatest instrument for self-preservation.

Our present troubles in education, Mr. Griswold says, come from three immediate causes: "a rapidly increasing population, failure to provide educational facilities in proportion, and the decline of the liberal arts." This has resulted in a deterioration in the quality of instruction available to American youth, and a corruption in the standards of American education.

Instead of doing something to improve the situation, instead of viewing educational trends with the same intensity of interest shown toward trends in the business cycle, Americans have been looking for skeletons in the closet. This has not helped education, but has hindered it by discouraging self-respecting citizens from entering the teaching profession and by hampering and harassing those already in it. More time has been spent on detecting a few flaws in a few people in the schools and colleges than on developing new plans for improving the educational system.

What can be done? In particular, says Mr. Griswold, increase teachers' salaries, recruit more college graduates into the teaching profession, build more schools, reduce the size of classes, and teach the liberal arts in place of vocational courses. Otherwise, the decay in educational standards will increase to the point of disintegration.

Mr. Griswold argues strongly for the training of teachers through the liberal arts colleges, and for the importance of supporting the private colleges in the face of the rapid growth of tax-supported institutions.

In doing so, he tends to equate liberal education with the literature, philosophy, and history courses taught in private colleges to students prepared for it in private schools. There is a tacit assumption that other parts of the curriculum and other parts of the educational system and human life are subsidiary to this central cluster of values.

However, such emphasis may be due to the fact that most of the addresses and reports were originally made to audiences of present, past, or potential Yale students, and that this has induced a ceremonial flavor in the thought and expression. To others of us in the non-Yale world, the question is very often raised as to whether we can hope to save the liberal arts in modern society if we continue to have more college courses of the kind now found in the usual curriculum of the humanities.

Mr. Griswold's style is scholarly and graceful, and he draws easily upon a broad range of historical fact to illustrate his arguments. He can be witty and is urbane. His point of view is that of a liberal scholar ably defends the Western tradition.

He is to be congratulated that the distinguished administration he is giving to his university and the quality of his public statements should demonstrate so well this point of view in action.

"Oh, stop complaining! I used to work for a Senate subcommittee myself!"

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The Six Ages of Travel

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is excerpted from a speech by Paul G. Hoffman, board chairman of Studebaker Corporation and former chief of the Marshall Plan-European Recovery Program, made before the European Travel Commission in New York City on May 6.*

A REMARKABLE young Frenchman came to the United States as an ordinary traveler in 1831, when he was twenty-six years old. He belonged to the nobility by birth; yet he came to America with an open mind, because he wanted to see how democracy looked in action. He was Alexis de Tocqueville. From May of 1831 until February 1832 De Tocqueville and his friend Beaumont traveled over 7,000 miles of the young republic from Boston to Green Bay, Wisconsin, and as far south as New Orleans.

What he did in his travels inside the United States was of great interest to him at the time, but what he did *after* he returned to Europe proved to be of great importance to America and to Europe for generations. For De Tocqueville went home to tell his countrymen, and all of Europe, not only what he had seen but the *significance* of what he had seen in America. His observations were so intensely interesting they were translated into virtually every language in Europe. And they brought about a tremendous increase in understanding of America.

I have cited De Tocqueville to illustrate the profound influence a *single traveler* has had, and *can* have, on the basic attitude of a whole continent toward the peoples of what would otherwise be looked upon as a strange and distant land.

The story of travel is the story of the progress of mankind. There have been six great ages of travel, and all of them have produced measurable benefits, all have lessened ignorance, and all have helped build a richer, more productive life for human beings. The first, which has amazed archeologists as they have catalogued more and more tangible evidence, is *older* than history—older than the written word. In the Stone Age there were trade routes across Europe, east and west, north and south, and *ideas* as well as beads came from Egypt and Asia to Scandinavia and to Britain.

The highlight of the second age arrived with the great Crusades, of tremendous influence in helping to bring Europe out of the Dark Ages. The centuries following the fall of Rome were dreary and dark because travel became so dangerous that it was sharply restricted. The Crusades changed all this. The Holy Land was not freed, but the mind and spirit of the men who engaged in this high adventure were again set free and began to soar. The Crusaders unleashed a world-searching wanderlust of a whole new kind and scope.

So intense was it that, when the Turks blocked the overland trade routes to China, the travelers took to water, and thus began the third great age—the age of travel by sea. The Portuguese sailed around Africa, Columbus discovered America, and the ships of Magellan made the first real trip around the globe. We today, all of us in the Free World, are still benefiting tonight from that third great age of travel which began over five centuries ago.

Whereas travel in those earlier ages was almost altogether military or commercial in nature, the fourth age was largely cultural and educational in purpose. It came in the nineteenth century, and has been described as the age of the "Grand Tour." It was marked especially by the excursions of thousands of Englishmen to Europe to tour Paris, Naples, Florence, Rome, Venice, and Switzerland.

This fourth age concerns us most importantly because it led directly to an age which is solely American—the fifth great age of travel—the twentieth-century American discovering Europe. This movement began in the latter part of the previous century, and by the turn into the 1900's it was a necessity for any American who claimed to be cultivated to spend some time in Europe. But aside from the show of cultivation, it was soon found that such visits truly meant a much broader and more enlightened life.

The United States had been a nation for 125 years, but the American generally approached Europe with considerable humbleness. He was not seeking adventure; he was seeking knowledge and enlightenment for himself and his family.

All in all, it could be said that 20 million Americans today are in position—through earnings and savings—to make a trip abroad, whereas no more than five million at the most could have done so in 1908. In this sixth age of travel today I can think of nothing more important than to have, not 450,000 (as last year), but *two million* or more Americans going to Europe each year to meet their fellow free-worlders face to face.

If we want to live in freedom from confusion and fear—as all good Americans do—we must lessen misunderstanding by travel. We must look deeper into the heart of that man elsewhere in the free world who will turn out to be a friendly neighbor if we but look deeply enough.

I DON'T know how many potential De Tocquevilles we have in the United States at the moment, but we know from his story how much might be accomplished by a single American man or woman visiting Europe. Statistically speaking, the more Americans who go abroad, the shorter the odds on the fact that many of these travelers will come home with interpretations that will widen the vision and sharpen respect for others across the sea among millions of us here at home. Over 500 years ago St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo in North Africa, said: "The world is a great book—of which those who never stir from home read only a page." I do not know any material object which the citizens of the richest country in the world can buy so valuable as that understanding.

—PAUL G. HOFFMAN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ISOP'S FABLE

I WOULD LIKE TO ANNOUNCE the formation of a new literary club. Its name is ISOP—which stands for "I'm Sick of Princeton."

My reason for organizing this club stems out of my activities last Sunday, when I spent the day reading John Brooks's latest novel, "A Pride of Lions." The single aspect of this book which annoyed me to such an extent as to prompt me to write this letter was that once more the hero went to Princeton.

Now, gentlemen, although my years are not too many, I have read a decent amount of twentieth-century American novels, and it is my opinion that in far too many of these books the heroes have gone or are going to Princeton.

Good God, doesn't anything happen of significance to persons who attended good old Padooka?

JAMES BEIZER.

(Address Unknown.)

"I'm just a bit squeamish about this . . . never had *Manhattan Critic* before!"

JUSTICE TO GEORGE GREY BERNARD

WHILE I HAVE no desire to detract in any way from that praise which Mr. Rockefeller Jr. so richly deserves for his preservation and restoration of the historic, the spectacular, and the beautiful, I do feel that Bernard Kalb ["Millions for the Millions," *SR* April 17] has been a little less than fair in summing up all the dreams and labor of a great artist, George Grey Bernard, in the words "gentleman . . . collector."

As nearly as I can recall the history of the Cloisters collection, Mr. Bernard had visited Europe after World War I and found that thrifty French and Belgian farmers had taken parts of ancient monasteries destroyed either in ancient religious wars or by more modern "Teutonic fury" and built them into walls, cisterns, and even pig-sties. Mr. Bernard, with the consent of the governments concerned, accumulated quite a collection.

At Fort Tryon, Mr. Bernard built a studio. He also arranged to sell to the Metropolitan Museum of Art his collections, and I believe it was at his suggestion that these pieces were built within a tapestry of brick so that instead of being isolated pieces of stone and marble they would become structural parts of a church-like building. Before this time Mr. Bernard had been working for several years, in a nearby unused trolley barn, on a colossal arch dedicated to peace. This arch (like peace) never came to fruition, and Mr. Bernard having abandoned all other work soon became pressed for funds. He could have sold his collection to a "collector" like Hearst for several times what he sold it to the Museum, but he desired that the people should reap the cultural enjoyment of studying the architecture of the Middle Ages and Renaissance.

What Mr. Rockefeller (and the Museum) then did was to carry out through their combined wealth and experience the dream of Mr. Bernard; to relocate it within a beautiful park (which had previously been the estate of some tycoon who had erected a horrid looking gingerbread castle there) and through Mr. Rockefeller's further generosity to erect it within a worthy ($2,500,000 worthy!) fabric.

In front of our capitol here in Harrisburg are two beautiful sculptural groups by Mr. Bernard. What four or five hundred years of weathering could not do to Mr. Bernard's collection at the Cloisters, a few decades of industrial smoke has done here. If Mr. Rockefeller could perhaps initiate some research on restoring and protecting our Bernard sculptures, it would only be—let us say—artistic justice!

GEORGE B. SHIRE.

Harrisburg, Pa.

PAPERBACKED SAINT BERNARD

AS ONE OF your supposedly hypothetical "host of truck-drivers, factory hands, and office workers who [have taken] to literature and philosophy as a steady diet" may I say that the tone and content of Harrison Smith's editorial "Culture in Soft Covers" [*SR* April 24] pained me deeply. As a matter of fact, the attitude of the entire "legitimate" publishing world is a ruddy pain. Can the fact that there are now available more and better books, in wider distribution, and at a lower price than ever before really be a source of worried concern to any reader, writer, bookseller, or conscientious publisher?

The only one likely to suffer is the hardback hardhead whose intellectual myopia prevents his seeing the bookmaking revolution bursting around him. And while I sympathize deeply with "the older, long-established firms," I feel the choice is theirs to build me a better mousetrap or else beat a path away from my door. If some of these old salts, instead of trying to "ride through the storm of paperbacks," would set sail and come about with the fresh breeze they might find that it can carry them a long way. They might even find—to mix metaphors still further—that "the wolf that is howling" at their doors is in reality an eagerly awaited Saint Bernard with a cask of revivifying brandy.

A publisher, at any rate, should have better things to do with his time than spending it in prematurely bemoaning his own demise.

PAUL T. CHASE.

Chapel Hill, N.C.

A CHARLIE, NOT AN AUGUSTE

I MUST AT LAST break down and write a mild complaint to you, for you have inadvertently mistreated something close to my heart—the circus. The actual error is bad enough. The ramifications of it are world-shattering—to the circus devotee.

In *SR* April 3 you have printed a picture of Lou Jacobs (an estimable clown in his own right) and led your readers to believe it to be Emmett Kelly. In doing so you have, of course, revealed yourselves as people who don't know the circus. You have also published what amounts to the downright sinful suggestion that Mr. Kelley is what is known as an *auguste*. He is not. His realm is, to my mind, much higher. He is that type of clown called a *charlie*.

I beg you to remedy this error, which puts so great a clown on the level of a white-faced fool.

HERBERT CLEMENT,
Ringling Bros. Circus.

Boston, Mass.

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THE SEA GULL AND THE PHOENIX

THE great plays, the miraculous, the inexhaustible and 'cello-toned realizations of all that was unique in his method and genius, were to come afterwards, "The Three Sisters" in 1900, "The Cherry Orchard" four years later. But already in "The Sea Gull"* Chekhov had by 1896 almost found himself as a dramatist and, because of doing so, had written one of the modern theatre's masterpieces, a play which, if not great in the totally fulfilled sense of its successors, has its unmistakable interludes of greatness.

To Tolstoy "The Sea Gull" was "nonsense," "utterly worthless," "a very bad play." His disrelish is not surprising. One of the supremest of artists, he aged, in spite of his brilliant flashes of insight, into one of the most prudish and boorish of Babbitts on the subject of esthetics, as is proved on page after page of "What Is Art?" A block to Tolstoy's admiration, which David Magarshack notes in "Chekhov the Dramatist," was that Tolstoy, accustomed like many another at the century's turn to the drama of direct action, could not adjust himself to the drama of "indirect action" (Mr. Magarshack's phrase) at which Chekhov excelled.

Define Chekhov's playwriting in any terms that isolate its special qualities; call him, as Nina Toumanova did, "the voice of twilight Russia"; admit that characters and mood are his substitutes for plot; marvel at him for finding in a condemned Czarist society so touching a score for what is timeless and placeless in human frustration; or reach for such a fancy tag as "tangential" to describe the dialogue in which his egotists empty their hearts often without listening to each other, and in the very process of seeking to place him Chekhov's importance as an innovator looms the larger.

He has had a thousand imitators but no equals. Probably no people have ever talked as his people talk. Although their phrases are the phrases of daily life, they serve a different purpose and follow a different pattern. Chekhov has a clinical eye for what is on the surface but his real concern is what lies deep within. Theatrical realism has always been an illusion. As Chekhov grew to employ it, it became an illusion of an illusion. Indeed, it became a new form, fortunately different from the murky and dehumanized form attempted by the young dramatist who is a character in "The Sea Gull," but a new form nonetheless. It was new in its approach and revelations; new in the poetry it possessed though masquerading as prose; and new in its style and dimensions.

This new, this Chekhovian, form is the source of "The Sea Gull's" strength and magic. The story Chekhov tells about a well-known actress, whose lover, a second-rate novelist, wins and destroys her son's sweetheart, is interesting enough. What is fascinating and superbly rewarding, however, is not this main story or the lesser ones, but the uses to which Chekhov puts them. He does not imprison his characters in a plot. Even when they are caught up in a particular situation, they remain free to think in terms of their whole lives, their lost hopes, and abiding concerns. Each of them is his own biographer; each in a sudden line here or there or a speech, long or short, reveals his innermost secrets or bares his weaknesses. They see through each other as they see through themselves. Indeed, "The Sea Gull," so "Hamlet"—drenched in its overtones and conflicts and yet so Chekhovian in its mood and means, is at its most engrossing and active at those many moments when Chekhov halts his narrative to turn individual insights into universal truths. This is particularly true of the famous scene in which Trigorin discusses the agonies of authorship and the trials of being a writer "delightful but not so good as Turgenev."

Is this play, which takes place on the country estate of the actress's brother and ends in the suicide of her son, a tragedy as Stanislavsky is now condemned for thinking? Or is it a comedy as Chekhov described it and Mr. Magarshack has recently contended? Obviously, it would seem, it is both. Stark Young made this clear in the fine translation he did for the Lunts in 1938 and in his brilliant explanatory preface. This mixture of wit and despair, this invitation to smile and sympathize simultaneously, is as much a part of the Chekhovian method as it is a proof of Chekhov's wisdom as a man.

His new dramatic form has always presented special challenges to actors. With the best of good intentions and a devotion so plain it almost hurts, the company downtown at the Phoenix has tried to meet these challenges, and for the most part failed badly. Although Montgomery Clift wanders into Chekhov somewhat like a fugitive from James Jones, at least he brings a needed tension to Treplev, the young playwright. The trouble is that this tension so seldom finds release in either Mr. Clift's face or his voice, and seems to disappear entirely in the crucial last-

* *THE SEA GULL, by Anton Chekhov, adaptation prepared by Mira Rostova, Kevin McCarthy, and Montgomery Clift. Presented by the Phoenix Theatre (T. Edward Hambleton and Norris Houghton). Directed by Mr. Houghton. Settings by Duane McKinney. Costumes by Alvin Colt. With a cast including Montgomery Clift, Judith Evelyn, John Fiedler, Will Geer, Sam Jaffe, Kevin McCarthy, Mira Rostova, Maureen Stapleton, George Voskovec, June Walker, etc. At the Phoenix Theatre, New York City. Opened May 11, 1954.*

Too Many People

By Max Eastman

TOO many people on the earth, too few
Who hold the oak door open, and who nod
To the passing stranger as the passing god.
Look from the stars and you will see whereto
This hungry fungus, man, has spread his drab
Compactions, and is spreading, till the space
Made rich by nature for his ease and grace
Is petrified as fruit is by a scab.
Packed on this dwindling planet, famished, men
Will push and fight like beasts. No grandeur then,
No high designs, no epic-dream, no play,
No poised serenity in what they say,
Nor reasoned kindness in the things they do.
This is not fancy; this *is* death-bed true.

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act scene when Treplev must stand mute during the long speech in which Nina confesses her continued love for Trigorin. Judith Evelyn is an acceptable Arkadina, capturing the vanity of the actress even if not suggesting her glamour, and John Fiedler is touching as the ineffectual school teacher. By all odds the best performance of the evening, and an excellent performance it is, is Maureen Stapleton's warm-hearted and very human playing of Masha, the defeated young woman who wears black because she is in mourning for her life.

Then and there, to my way of thinking, the virtues of the revival come to a full stop. I could find only utter inadequacy in Will Geer's caricature of the estate manager, in June Walker's playing of his wife, and in Sam Jaffe's characterization of the actress's invalid brother. I cannot imagine a more negative Trigorin than Kevin McCarthy or a less satisfactory Nina than Mira Rostova.

Everyone knows it takes time, and a lot of it, for a group of actors to master Chekhov. All too plainly the production at the Phoenix has been thrown together in a hurry. This, however, is not the only trouble. The styles of playing are as mixed as the accents of the players. Worse still, Norris Houghton's direction is guilty of an equal uncertainty. It establishes no clear line, creates no cohesion, and misses nuance after nuance.

The Phoenix's first season has been an excitingly distinguished and contributive one. No doubt, after such successes as "Madam, Will You Walk," "Coriolanus," and "The Golden Apple," T. Edward Hambleton and Mr. Houghton are entitled to a failure. The pity is this failure had to be "The Sea Gull," a play which many of us hold in the same affection as do those participating in its present revival.—JOHN MASON BROWN.

Miss Evelyn and Mr. Clift in "The Sea Gull."

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

"Dial M" with a Touch of Hamlet

ONE of the piquant turnabouts of our time is Frederick Knott's **"Dial M For Murder"** (Warner Brothers), which was first seen as a play for television and has now turned up on the movie screen. The sturdiness of Knott's tidy thriller results from the fact that he has managed to play a full-scale chase in mental terms within the confines of a single room. Under Alfred Hitchcock's knowing direction, the film version of "Dial M For Murder" retains most of its entertainment values. If it falls short of the Broadway incarnation it is because of the casting of the central role.

Evelyn Waugh, in "The Loved One," assured us that a hardy band of British mummers was stoutly preserving the sahib tradition under the foreign palms, yet from this gallant group Hitchcock could give us no one better than Ray Milland for the role of Tony Wendice, the would-be uxoricide. Milland in the past has shown himself a capable farceur and a mettlesome dramatic performer, but he is clearly the wrong choice for this role, on which the entire piece depends. That it is the pivotal part is demonstrated by the fact that in the Broadway production the roles of Mrs. Wendice and the American mystery writer were quite poorly acted without dragging the evening down, while Grace Kelly and Robert Cummings are perfectly fine in the motion picture without lifting it up.

Milland does all that he is asked to do, yet he projects a sodden, unpleasant quality. In the Broadway show Maurice Evans exhibited a characteristic bounce that may have been somewhat alarming in "Hamlet" but was eminently suited to the villain in the British game-of-murder. The point about Tony Wendice is not merely that he is a thoroughly bad lot, a tennis bum who married an heiress and then proceeds to plot her violent demise. The point is also that he is a rakish, charming, sardonic sort of cad who accepts himself completely and enjoys making up his grisly puzzle as much as the traditional detective inspector relishes finding the key. Evans played him as the perfect sharper, with a smile on his face and an ace up his sleeve, altogether a cut from the same cloth as the scapegrace he tempts into ticking off the beautiful Mrs. Wendice.

If Evans had a touch too much of Wendice to be Hamlet, it is fair to say that Milland has a touch too much of Hamlet to be Wendice. He is too troubled by psychological insight, too unhappy that he is going to have his wife murdered. His failure to catch the crispness of Evans's stage performance is largely the reason why "Dial M For Murder" on the screen never catches the cosy excitement of the production on 45th Street.

* * *

Like many Americans over the age of thirty, director Richard Brooks has not forgotten the moment in 1937 when Lana Turner first walked across the screen in "They Won't Forget." In that chin-lifted, high-heeled, sweater-straining strut lay the essence of high-school sex, and Brooks has pleasured himself by beginning and ending **"Flame and the Flesh"** (M-G-M) with the same bewitching amble. Unhappily, Lana Turner is now lending her embonpoint and her wiggle to what might very well have been the script for an Italian movie about one of those torn-chemise adventuresses who is all bad but all woman. She is succulent; but seventeen years and possibly as many pounds have not altered her quality as the high-school bad girl, and the immaturity of her playing combined with a rough-hewn, cliché-laden script serves to make "Flame and the Flesh" a heavy-breathing, lightweight drama.

After her opening stroll through the streets of Naples, Lana Turner moves in on a good-hearted musician, Bonar Colleano, but soon casts her incendiary glances at his roommate, Carlos Thompson, a cafe singer who is ready to abjure the rake-hell life for the true love of the patron's daughter, Pier Angeli. The rest of the story, a stormy and predictable escapade for Turner and Thompson, is marked by such dialogue as "Don't own me, just love me," and "How can I love you when I don't even like you?"

Joseph Pasternak, the producer, has delighted the eye with some authentic exteriors of Naples, and some interesting on-location interiors of a number of Neapolitan restaurants, which —I was mildly disappointed to learn— do not exhibit murals of New York Bay. —LEE ROGOW.

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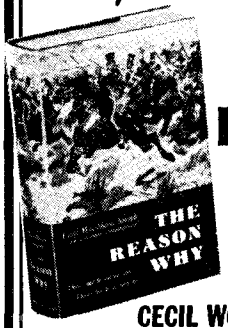

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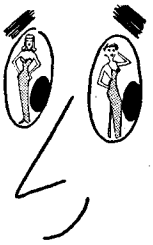

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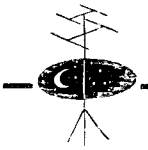

TV AND RADIO

TV and the Hearings—An Interim Report

IT IS TOO early to assess either the effect of television on the McCarthy-Army hearings or the effect of the televised hearings on the public. It is not too early to enunciate the questions raised by the policies of the networks in regard to the hearings as a whole—the questions, but I'm afraid not the answers.

The background of network policy is the sharp battle over the exclusion of television cameras from hearings at which the press is welcome. This issue did not come up in this case and in fact may never come up again except where criminal cases are involved. Having won the right to be present, the networks used it in different ways. CBS announced that it was not good public policy for all networks to carry the same program—a principle learned, apparently, *after* CBS had carried the sponsored all-station Rodgers-Hammerstein show. Consequently, CBS offered a copious excerpt on film to all who stayed up until about 11 P.M. NBC carried the proceedings direct from the committee room for two days, then announced that the cost was excessive and the public response insufficient to justify it. Those who stayed up after midnight could see excerpts on this channel, too. ABC and Dumont, with less demanding commitments during the daytime hours, continued to carry the hearings.

This was the situation in New York. In some cities the withdrawal of NBC coverage meant that no stations carried the live testimony; in some it meant that film gave the story a day late.

The final development was that modified sponsorship was made possible; before and after the hearings a station or network could add the name of a sponsor to its own identification. (The *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, which was not carrying it on its own station, promptly sponsored the "program" on another.)

All of the questions brought up by these maneuvers are based on the assumption that there is a specific value in having full and immediate broadcasts of certain public events. There is room for argument, but in a sense the broadcasters made the assumption as well as the public, and until some new principle is established we'll take this for granted. On that assumption:

1.) Would *all* the networks be justified in refusing to carry the proceedings?

2.) If not, aren't the ones who refuse taking advantage of the fact that someone else is doing the work? In this particular case, aren't the richer networks throwing the burden on the poorer?

3.) Is the cost of canceling sponsored programs plus the cost of carrying public events too great for the industry to bear without sponsorship or is this cost part of the price which stations pay for their license to broadcast? In other words, isn't this part of their contract to operate "in the public interest"?

4.) How big does an audience have to be to justify the cost of broadcasting to it? (From the figures released, I should estimate that between seven and ten million people watched the hearings at some time of the day. This is certainly not a negligible audience from the point of view of a sponsor.)

5.) Why didn't the networks get together and create a pool, dividing the time so that no single one took a disproportionate loss?

The remaining questions are a little less likely to get direct answers.

First, don't the broadcasters see that if they fumble an event like this, if they have no set—and acceptable—mode of operation to cover such matters of public interest, they are inviting rulings from the FCC or a public demand for Federal channels, Federal networks, or perhaps (as a minimum) time alloted by law to Federal purposes. This is the last thing most Americans want, but clever manipulators can use public disappointment in commercial broadcasting to overcome our prejudices.

Second, and to me most important, why haven't the networks seen to it that this vital matter of policy—this matter of the industry's obligation to the public—be openly discussed, on the national and also on the local level, on television itself? The broadcasters have a good case, one element of which is that the standards of good procedure are only now being involved. Let them air the case and let the public be informed and consulted, and above all heard. If they do not do this, the broadcasters are failing in their duty and, I am afraid, inviting trouble.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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U.S.A. and the World

Continued from page 13

his Open Door Policy, emphasized, so far as Japan was concerned, by President Theodore Roosevelt's despatch of the American fleet to the Pacific and thence around the world in 1907.

Throughout the book Admiral Theobald constantly stresses the thought that if the Hawaiian commanders had been given all of the information available to Washington and (he says) to Admiral Hart, commander of the American Asiatic Fleet, particularly that obtained from reading the broken Japanese diplomatic codes, different and presumably effective steps would have been taken to prevent surprise. This oft-repeated claim for superior perspicacity on the part of the Hawaiian commands over all other commands in the Pacific and in Washington is hardly borne out by what the Hawaiian commands did do on the basis of the very considerable information that they did have and in response to specific orders from Washington. On November 27, 1941, the Navy Department sent the following warning and instructions to the commanders of the Pacific and Asiatic fleets:

> THIS DISPATCH IS TO BE CONSIDERED A WAR WARNING. NEGOTIATIONS WITH JAPAN LOOKING TOWARD STABILIZATION OF CONDITIONS IN THE PACIFIC HAVE CEASED AND AN AGGRESSIVE MOVE BY JAPAN IS EXPECTED WITHIN THE NEXT FEW DAYS. THE NUMBER AND EQUIPMENT OF JAPANESE TROOPS AND THE ORGANIZATION OF NAVAL TASK FORCES INDICATES AN AMPHIBIOUS EXPEDITION AGAINST EITHER THE PHILIPPINES THAI OR KRA PENINSULA OR POSSIBLY BORNEO. EXECUTE AN APPROPRIATE DEFENSIVE DEPLOYMENT PREPARATORY TO CARRYING OUT TASKS ASSIGNED IN WPL 46. INFORM DISTRICT AND ARMY AUTHORITIES. . . .

Admiral Theobald characterizes this dispatch as adequate and effective for Admiral Hart, commanding the Asiatic Fleet, but totally inadequate and confusing to Admiral Kimmel. Of this same dispatch and a parallel one sent by the War Department to the Army commands, the distinguished historians William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason, in their book "The Undeclared War 1940-1941," have this to say: "These warnings would have appeared to have been adequate and clear. . . . ." Admiral Kimmel's response to the order to deploy was to concentrate a major part of his fleet in the anchorage at Pearl Harbor.

It seems unfortunate that Admiral Theobald should have chosen to devote his very considerable talents to the assemblage of such a miscellany of partial facts and innuendo. Its lack of balanced objectivity of judgment, and its ignoring of most of the relevant facts and data that do not gibe with author's predetermined thesis render the book of dubious value.

U.S.A. Theory in Japan

POSTWAR JAPANESE ECONOMY: "Zaibatsu" is a word or a concept that developed in feudal Japan and flowered after the restoration of the Emperor in 1869. It means the group or clique of families who owned or controlled the major industrial, trade, and financial institutions in Japan—the Mitsui, Mitsubishi, Sumitomo, and others. This group of families, with interlocking marital and fiscal relationships, with government support and help, brought Japan to her modern industrial and trade eminence in an amazingly short time.

T. A. Bisson charts America's attempt to break down this system in a thoroughly documented study, **"Zaibatsu Dissolution in Japan"** (University of California Press, $5). The policy was doomed because the American substitute—diversified stock-ownership, competitive capitalism regulated occasionally by law—was imposed on and unsuited to Japan's economy. Today Japan is well on the road to a postwar economic organization very similar to what it had before the war, with the possible exception that the combines, the Zaibatsu, are managerial rather than familial inter-relationships.

Mr. Bisson suggests that American policy would have been wiser if it had proposed the nationalization and public ownership of Japan's economy—relying on the Social Democrats—instead of regulated free enterprise.

The suggestion seems to me to be as bad as the one actually imposed by the U.S. The Social Democrats were badly split; they had no experience in any managerial capacity; the cultural situation in Japan at that time would have engulfed them and made them the victims; this in turn would have set back the slow steady growth of a democratic organized trade union movement and upper working class and lower middle-class electorate capable of becoming a check against the reentry of prewar Zaibatsu.

Apart from this, students of postwar Japanese economy will find this volume useful. —FRANK N. TRAGER.

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Fiction

Continued from page 11

Communism in this chronicle. But, as readers of the earlier two books may remember, this author is not content to "let the story tell itself"; a man of considerable erudition and dialectic training, he crowds his narrative with intellectual debate. Thus the note of mere sorrow on which the book ends, however faithful to reality, comes as an anti-climax. It is the same mood in which Arthur Koestler, the most widely-known of ex-Communist novelists, took leave of us in his latest novel. The only novelist whose anti-totalitarianism has risen beyond that position, Albert Camus, hails from different intellectual quarters. But, then, Camus is also a novelist of the very first rank. As for Mr. Sperber's ambitious and deeply sincere undertaking, his three novels are of undeniable historical value. We would be far less well informed without them.

Anti-Anxiety Pill

"The Magicians," by J. B. Priestley *(Harper. 246 pp. $3) tells of an English businessman who, upon retiring, takes a long look at the world about him and makes some curious discoveries.*

By James Kelly

PUTTING on his novelist's hat (he has others suitable for wear as playwright, essayist, critic, broadcaster, lecturer), J. B. Priestley now strengthens his reputation for never doing the same thing twice. Gone is the nimble, twinkling fellow we have come to expect in the fiction and social comments—in "The Good Companions" or "Angel Pavement," for instance. Instead, in "The Magicians," we get a fairly joyless view of a retired business tycoon who takes a long, long look at the world around him and comes up with a gloomy prognosis. Sir Charles Ravenstreet, with his soul-searching and his stumbling about in unfamiliar leisure, certainly can't speak for Mr. Priestley, can he? Possessed by a dogged belief in astral and mental powers and a mystical view of time sequences, Sir Charles seems to have more in common with Mme. Blavatsky, the mother of theosophy.

One thing is certain: "The Magicians" does not deal, except in passing, with the familiar problem of the man of affairs who suddenly finds himself bewildered by lack of responsibilities. The novel starts that way, offering a brief but knowing glimpse of the basilisk intentness with which associates of Sir Charles force him to retire from the utility company he helped put together. After that, the business theme dwindles to a mere trickle in the main stream of fantasy, psychiatry, and antic speculation about the force of time. ("We believe that the life of contemporary man is now a battleground, where intelligences and forces, on a higher level of being than man, are contending.... We're all living in imaginary worlds, Ravenstreet. If you could catch a glimpse of the real world, you'd think you'd gone mad.")

Despite snatches of intriguing ideas and good observation, Mr. Priestley has sent us a dour book in which characters are regarded hollowly and plot construction bogs down in a welter of coincidence, portent, and the supernatural. Even the writing is firmly prosaic, flattened further by mechanical articulation among the doom-ridden scenes. One suspects that the author, engrossed in private speculation about the horizons of late middle age, spent too little time in this novel's sculpture.

Following his retirement, Sir Charles tries to entertain himself with fliers at sex, the theatre, travel. But nothing interests him very much until the powerful Lord Mervil and Sir Edwin Karney invite him to join a mysterious business deal. Purpose: to make and sell a new pill discovered by a young research chemist which will "stop worry, anxiety . . . act as a buffer between the brain and reality." The old fire-horse instinct takes hold, and Sir Charles is about to go back to work.

Except that now he meets three strange old men ("the magicians") following a jet plane crash. They talk a great deal about "time alive," "tick-tock," and other impenetrable shorthand symbols, and pretty soon they are telling him what to do about his decisions. Through their mysterious powers, he goes back in time to boyhood and early romances to see where he got off the track. He assembles Lord Mervil, Sir Edwin, the young chemist, and minor characters at a dinner party in which the magicians manage a highly unlikely come-uppance for each guest. And, at a kind of romantic climax, Ravenstreet finds a startling relationship with the girl of his flashback (now an old lady on her deathbed).

That's about it, except for the three wise men who get out of the spotlight in accepted fairy-tale manner. Although "The Magicians" is not this observer's idea of Mr. Priestley at his best, readers who like to let their minds wander in odd places may find its special merits. Certainly there's no other novel exactly like it.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

CONSPICUOUS BY THEIR ABSENCE

Frequently characters who are indispensable in the plots of plays never appear before the footlights. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name the off-stage personalities briefly referred to below. Allowing five points for a correct character answer and another five for either the play or the playwright, a score of seventy makes you walk-on, seventy-five a supporting player, and eighty or better a star. Answers on page 28.

1. A rather addle-brained woman thought she had this pianist as her house guest when all the time it was an artist with a similar name.
2. Just as the final curtain falls, this pair, whose arrival has been expected with various degrees of consternation, is greeted invisibly at the door.
3. The women envied this eighteenth century farmer's wife, the men tired of hearing about her, but everyone wondered what she would say.
4. Displaced persons sat in his outer office for days awaiting passports.
5. Spoiled by an over-indulgent and unscrupulous father, he was an utter failure.
6. After an unfortunate second marriage this man repented and went back to the mother of his children.
7. This young lady was locked in her room by her profligate father.
8. This princess was fatally burned when she donned the poisoned robe that was sent her as a wedding gift by a jilted sorceress.
9. While her fiancé was falling under a magic spell, this young lady waited for him at their engagement party.
10. During the time this former manufacturer of airplane parts wasted away in prison, his guilty partner grew rich.

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France's Unifier

THE HUMANIZING OF LOUIS XI: With his fifth novel, Lawrence Schoonover finds himself back again in fifteenth-century Europe, when Burgundy, Anjou, and Armagnac were political entities as well as alcoholic beverages. **"The Spider King"** (Macmillan, $3.95) is the fictionalized biography of Louis XI, who received his arachnid sobriquet because of his guile as well as his odd physique. Louis was an able and entirely unprincipled monarch; his lovable qualities have not been emphasized by historians, and Mr. Schoonover sets out to correct this omission. Mainly, he does this by emphasizing Louis's preeminent role in unifying the warring duchies and counties into a national composite. By playing up the general savagery of the age, Mr. Schoonover tones down the ruthlessness of the spidery ruler, and makes him appear not a bad fellow at all. In humanizing Louis, Mr. Schoonover takes a few understandable liberties with the facts, which are mainly sins of omission and do not particularly detract from the authenticity of the historical climate. What does get a bit on the reader's nerves is the author's omniscience, which produces some marvellous feats of hindsight and a sometimes anachronistic tone. He feels compelled to inform the reader directly of various historical data, thus imparting a vaguely textbookish flavor to the proceedings. On the credit side: "The Spider King" is carefully detailed. Mr. Schoonover has sliced off an impressive chunk of Western civilization and garnished it most palatably.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in forthcoming numbers.

BEYOND THE HUNGRY COUNTRY. By Louise A. Stinetorf. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. The author of "White Witch Doctor" (1950), which created a madhouse in rental circles and was made into a movie, here tells the tale of a mission child raised by Maa Koo who comes to America to study nursing and then returns to her homeland where she gets involved in all sorts of problems.

DIANE. By Herbert Best. William Morrow & Co. $3.95. Three lumps of sugar and lots of cream about the fandango days of Jamaica, when that island's neck was being breathed down by Napoleon, and of how a plantation owner, his noncorrigible wife, and sweet daughter resolve the palatable frictions set up by the author.

THE EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS OF CHILDREN. By Harry Joseph & Gordon Zern. Crown Publishers. $3.75. A study of some of the factors that contribute to emotional instability in our knee-high population, such as broken homes, inefficient nursery schools, adoption, illnesses, and the square-eyed monster in the living room.

FABULOUS JOURNEY OF HIERONYMUS MEEKER. By Willy Johns. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Some allegorical star-fishing

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about a group of twenty-four Americans, including scientists, philosophers, and writers, who set off for Mars after the Fourth World War, and accidentally land on an unknown planet which they name Thalia. The account of the journey somehow gets back to Earth, although none of the travelers ever return.

THE GENTLE INSURRECTION. By Doris Betts. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50. A first collection of short stories which has won the G. P. Putnam-University of North Carolina prize, which concerns, among other things, race hatred, children and death, an old man and the devil, and a librarian tortured by recurring indecent thoughts.

INSECT FACT AND FOLKLORE. By Lucy Clausen. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. Facts and figures, as well as the legends, proverbs, and symbols, about the world's insects.

IS THERE A REPUBLICAN MAJORITY? By Louis Harris, Harper & Bros. $3.50. The attempt to answer this pricklebush of a question is based on mountains of material that have been amassed by Elmo Roper prior to and since the elections of 1952. Topics covered include the people's feelings about Ike's personality, racial breakdown of the vote, the non-solid South, the new white-collar suburbia, etc.

THE LIVING ROOM. By Grahame Greene. The Viking Press. $2.50. Mr. Greene's first play, which was received amicably by London's critics, and which eventually will open its doors on Broadway, concerns a behind-the-barn love affair between a young girl and a married family adviser. The arbitrator is a self-examining priest.

MY MISSION TO SPAIN. By Claude G. Bowers. Simon & Schuster. $6. An account of the six rubbery years the author spent in Spain as our ambassador watching that country succumbing to the sleeping sickness of totalitarianism. His book, which is based on his diaries, recorded conversations, and dispatches, ends at the outbreak of World War II.

OUT OF THE RED BRUSH. By Kermit Daugherty. World Publishing Co. $3.50. A first novel about the growing-up in the old days of one Bill Brennan in the briar-sweet Southern Ohio hill country.

PET PARADE. By Leila Roosevelt and Bill Westley. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A natural history of those animals who have chosen the warm bricks of the hearth over the uncomfortable call of the wild, much of it based on the authors' own experiences with a staggering variety of pets.

THE QUAKER BRIDE. By Janet Whitney. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. Some Victorian naboberies about a Newport-born Quaker orphan who nips along to England after one Luke Ashton, her fancier, suddenly becomes affluent when her dead father's ship shows up, learns her husband is conducting a gambling parlor in their Manderley-like house, and in the end, makes all happy.

ROMAN WALL. By Bryher. Pantheon Books. $2.75. A new historical novel, by a writer who spirits her accuracy with a poetical grasp of language, about the attacks the Alemanni made on the Roman frontier in Helvetia (Switzerland) in the third century A.D.

A SEAL'S WORLD. By Frank Stuart. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $4. The life of a seal named Wanderer, from the time she is born until the time she returns from the deeps to mate with one of her childhood chums. By the author of "City of the Bees" (1949) and "Wild Wings" (1951), a naturalist and word lover.

SIX UPON THE WORLD. By Paul F. Douglass. Little, Brown & Co. $4.95. Six shortish biographies of the six men the author feels have been or are the most important figures we have had around Stateside this century: Paul Hoffman, Cardinal Spellman, William Z. Foster, James B. Conant, Walter P. Reuther, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.

SUCCESSFUL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY. By Andreas Feininger. Prentice-Hall. $4.95. A detailed handbook, which follows the author's book on black-and-white "Successful Photography" (1953).

THE THEATRE IN OUR TIMES. By John Gassner. Crown Publishers. $5. A collection of observational essays on the theatre —types of plays, dramatists such as Ibsen, Strindberg, Anderson, Yeats, Synge, Miller, etc., criticism, history.

TROUBLED BORDER. By T. D. Allen. Harper & Bros. $3. The tall firs and deep fogs, which filled the Willamette Valley and Fort Vancouver areas of Oregon in the early 1800's, and of how the Hudson's Bay Company tried to gobble up the territory during the Joint Occupation Treaty.

—WHITNEY BALLIET.

Political Cartoon

Continued from page 9

tainment appeals of the cartoon. Moreover, the issues became too complicated for simple interpretation. A cartoonist is like a man with a violin. He has in his hands an exquisite instrument, but he shouldn't be allowed to use it in public until he is a virtuoso. Except for the handful of graphic virtuosos, few artists were capable of interpreting the vast forces shaping the destiny of America. The syndicate, or agency, cartoonist could not do this, no matter how expert he was, for the mental attitude of his publisher clients all over the country had the effect of tying his hands above his drawing board.

Significant in the decline of the cartoon was the concurrent trend to what is all too glibly called the "one-party press." More accurately, it was the standardization of the press—the same standardization that affected so many aspects of our lives—that sped the decline of the cartoon artist. For many generations the American press was highly competitive. Even small cities sometimes had three or four newspapers, each representing a political faction. The views of the editor and his readers were as important as the news. Such partisanship led to violent controversy and the type of language that makes interesting reading. It was disastrous for a publisher to lag behind a rival in argument, and he maintained his momentum on the power of high-octane vituperation. The cartoonist thrived in such an atmosphere.

The modern publisher is likely to be the owner of the only newspaper in town. He has competition he never knew before, from radio, television, news magazines, and home-delivered regional dailies, but he must presume that his readers depend upon him for information and that his views must be secondary in importance, and above all temperate. Editorials express opinion, perhaps, but usually with qualifications. Temperance and compromise are seldom exciting, and so the editorial began to decline in emphasis and appeal. So did the cartoon, and for the same reasons.

The cartoon is strictly an offensive weapon. Even when the cartoonist defends his hero, he usually does so by attacking the hero's enemies. Like any good fighter, he must put his heart into the battle. Asking a cartoonist to attack delicately is like arguing with a cannon to do its work without so much noise. Note that the newspapers with the strongest political feelings today are likely to put emphasis upon the cartoon. Fitzpatrick of the *Post-Dispatch* is not on that paper by sheer accident. The *Chicago Tribune* has long been a kind of Yellowstone Park for the disappearing herd of cartoonists. Editorially the *Tribune* wakes up mad every morning. This critical attitude is reflected in its cartoon policy. Not only does the *Tribune* honor the cartoon with the top spot on its most prominent page, but it prints the offering in garish colors, so that readers cannot possibly avoid the impact. Significantly, the paper has employed some of the best known artists in the business. But who can name the cartoonist of *The New York Times*, which emphasises coverage, rather than opinion, and never raises its voice?

Is the decline of the political cartoon any loss to journalism or the public? Not in the opinion of this writer, providing publishers live up to their responsibilities in putting reliability above whimsy. For the political cartoon is a caricature—an exaggeration, or inaccuracy, which should have no place in responsible journalism. The cartoonist must tell his story in black and white, literally and figuratively. He cannot qualify without weakening impact, and impact is everything to a cartoonist. Yet we know that the complex issues of today can seldom be presented in terms of black and white. Too much misunderstanding has been produced by spokesmen who refuse to qualify charges. If our press is concerned with producing light instead of heat, then the political cartoon doesn't deserve better—excepting, of course, that handful of virtuosos who *can* supply our desperate need for helpful interpretation.

Again, the cartoonist depends upon symbols to tell his story quickly. The GOP elephant, the Democratic donkey, and Uncle Sam are a few of these overworked symbols, used to describe complicated institutions at a glance. The cartoonist manipulates these symbols, or stereotypes, as though they were puppets. He cannot modify his puppets without destroying the

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Lawrence Mack, in "The Vinegar Tree," by Paul Osborn. 2. "George and Margaret," by Gerald Savory. 3. Mrs. Grundy, in "Speed the Plough," by Thomas Morton. 4. "The Consul," by Gian-Carlo Menotti. 5. Edward Holt, in "Edward, My Son," by Robert Morley and Noel Langley. 6. Stephen Haines, in "The Women," by Clare Boothe. 7. Cynthia Slater, in "The Moon is Blue," by F. Hugh Herbert. 8. Creon's Daughter, in "Medea," by Euripides. 9. Merle Kittredge, in "Bell, Book and Candle," by John van Druten. 10. Steve Deever, in "All My Sons," by Arthur Miller.

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meaning he has built up around them. And so the cartoonist ends up as the prisoner of his own creatures.

Rollin Kirby, one of the greatest of the cartoonists, used to symbolize the Prohibition era of the 1920's by a thin, funereal, fanatical figure in a stovepipe hat—the Temperance Killjoy. To Kirby and his employers on the *New York World*, the Prohibitionists were responsible for unspeakable evils, including racketeering, the disreputable speakeasy, and an age of violence. The cartoonist attacked in his inimitable style. But temperance education can be useful, too. Even the Brewers' Association advertises that fact. There were, and are, sincere leaders of the temperance movement, but to the public they will always have to walk arm in arm with the Temperance Killjoy. It is a handicap the cartoonist unwittingly created.

ANOTHER of these puppets is the "braintruster," as he is invariably labeled by the cartoonists. The braintruster is the professor in government, but today he probably symbolizes any intellectual in office. Never has the country so needed the full resources of its brainpower. Yet intellectual superiority has become so unpopular that in many quarters it is held to be downright subversive. To the cartoonist the braintruster, or "egghead," is always a seedy-looking scholar (obviously too incompetent to earn an honest dollar) with a fanatical grin and the long hair of a madman. So there'll be no mistake in identification, the horrid creature is always topped by a mortarboard hat, symbol of the dangerous university product.

By and large, any administration would be foolish not to use the universities. Scientists, agriculturalists, economists, political scientists, and lawyers—all essential to good government—are likely to be most available on the campus. But to the general public such useful citizens are too often identified with the braintruster—the gift of the cartoonist.

Worst of all are the cartoons that are mere space wasters. Here is one that takes up fifteen hundred words on one of the best background pages in the country. It depicts the world in the form of a yo-yo being spun by a string to a finger marked "war jitters." Anyone who doubts that the world is in a whirl probably can't even read a newspaper. Or here is another just about as large, showing the President with an ax descending upon a creature, with the head of a pig and the body of a barrel, marked "pork barrel." How many readers know what "pork barrel" means? If the message is not clear the space might better be devoted to words which do have meaning.

But there is still a sphere in journalism for the artist wishing to use the tools of the cartoonist. This is in the field of social satire, the type of art that William Hogarth employed two hundred years ago to expose the social evils of his day. Opportunities for such satire are even greater today. *The New Yorker* magazine is limited in its graphic scope, but this stimulating publication indicates what could be done in the field of satire. Here is a medium where the cartoonist can attack with all his effective weapons without fear of censure. Robert Minor, whose cartoons of social satire appeared in the left-wing *Masses*, might just as appropriately have submitted many of his drawings to the right-wing press.

Art Young would not be approved by the *Chicago Tribune* today, but it would undoubtedly print graphic attacks on slums, which was a favorite subject of Young's. Remember the one of the two children gazing at the sky from a filthy alley? The little girl is saying, "Ooh, look at the stars. They're thick as bedbugs."

There are plenty of targets for the social cartoonist today, providing he is not tethered by stuffy editorial policy. Even that can be overcome, as we have found out from a serious reading of the comic strips, which is the way most fans read them. But that is another story.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 571

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SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 21 East Van Buren, Chicago, Ill.

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MAN (English Literature) and wife (Commercial) want teaching position in private school. Box S-809.

THEATRE NEWSLETTER—digests NYC show reviews, news. Drama, books, records, theatre, or TV. Ticket reports. Special summer features. Perfect gift for "stage-struck." $10 year, $1 check five weeks. CRITICAL DIGEST, 505 Fifth Ave., NYC.

PERSONALS

YOUNG Teacher-Writer seeks position in East or abroad. Box S-718.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY Field Course in English: Shakespeare classes while observing productions on Tudor stage at 14th Oregon Shakespeare Festival. (M. Bailey.) July 22-August 5. Two units. Write "Shakespeare," Ashland, Oregon; or English Department, Stanford, California.

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PERFECT FOR GRADUATION—binoculars. All types, postpaid. Bartlett Hendricks, BINOCULAR HEADQUARTERS, Box 50-B, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

FRENCH GENTLEMAN leaving NYC early July for trip Mexico seeks two persons to share driving, expenses. Box S-810.

WASHINGTON, D.C., thrilling ALL-EXPENSE, YEAR-ROUND PACKAGE offers 2 to 5-day SIGHTSEEING TOURS of Washington-Mt. Vernon-Annapolis, including air-conditioned room with bath at famous ROGER SMITH HOTEL, 2 blocks from White House. From $12.50 per person for 2 days. Special meal package available. Write Stanley Livingstone, Manager, Roger Smith Hotel, Washington, D.C., for Folder G.

PIANO TUNING taught privately. Pianos sold $75 up. Box S-805.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, experienced traveler, desires position as governess or traveling companion. Box S-806.

MAKE MELLOW MUSIC IMMEDIATELY with lovely imported pearwood Recorder. Perfect intonation. Not a Toy. $14.50 complete. COOPER MUSICo., 63 East Grand Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

GIRL STUDENT desires companionable girl to share driving 1953 Dodge 8 to California leaving mid-June. Could arrange return trip mid-August. References exchanged. Write Janet Spiegelberg, Briarcliff Junior College, Briarcliff Manor, New York, or call HAnover 2-5940 (NYC).

FOR SALE: Oil painting of General Lee by a contemporary George Matthews. Box S-800.

IDEAL FOR REST OR STUDY. Cultured, middle-aged couple will accept 1-2 paying guests in their lovely home. Excellent cuisine, spacious grounds, swimming; commuting 50 miles from New York. Box S-799.

LADY seeks interesting work away from city for all or part of summer. Traveling companion or secretary. References. Box S-801.

SEWANEE Military Academy graduate wants summer travel job. Good driver. Box S-802.

ENGLISH TEACHER, excellent literary taste, will collaborate with author. Box S-814.

PORTRAIT IN THOUGHTS . . . Epigrams, Euphemisms. Entertaining. $1.50. Churchell, Box 1128, NYC 17. Will autograph.

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COMPANION-SECRETARY, 41, personable, adaptable, desires position Philadelphia or suburbs. Box S-803.

FRENCH LADY speaking English will accompany young ladies or adults Paris or traveling through Europe. French lessons. Highest French and American references. Address: Mlle. L. Herman, 109 rue du Cherche-Midi, Paris.

NURSE, licensed practical, long hospital experience, care of invalid child. Box S-813.

"TALENT SCOUT" for leading American publishers: College instructor specializing in Original Writing, helps you crystallize your own mode of expression to command attention of editors, publishers, readers. Reasonable rates, no phony promises. Box S-816.

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ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, MINSTREL, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES, etc., $1 each. List for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

YOUNG CALIFORNIAN WRITER, male, offers services companion, travel, caretaker, etc. Box S-804.

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PERSONALS

FRENCH LADY desires position as governess or companion for summer months. Willing to travel. Box S-812.

WALL STREET SECRETARY, mental and physical energies, desires challenging position and travel. Box S-846.

FOUR PEOPLE WANTED to help form film group: act in, help produce non-"Hollywood" intelligent films. I produce commercials; want to use experience for something worthwhile. I have equipment, everything; won't cost you a cent. Box S-844.

PRINCIPALSHIP of suburban (anywhere) private day school, nursery through intermediate, wanted by experienced woman administrator. Box S-843.

RESEARCH, Washington, D.C. Congressional Library, Archives, etc. A. Price, 1711 Massachusetts, N.W.

GENERAL BOOK EDITOR—Editorial executive, 30 to 40, man or woman, wanted for leading New York publishing house. Broad background editing major authors essential. Applicants now holding responsible executive jobs preferred. Starting salary $10,000, with excellent opportunity for advancement. Replies confidential. Include resume. Our staff knows of this opening. Box S-841.

WRITERS' RETREAT vacancies (one man, one woman), Oakhaven, Fairmont, Minnesota.

YOUNG MAN seeks summer employment. Liberally educated, experienced teacher. Superior references. Box S-808.

FOR SALE: Book and gift shop in New England college town. Select clientele. Box S-839.

WOULD CONSIDER SHARING with congenial couple country house, modern; 40 acres beautiful country 1½ hours New York City. Tennis, swimming. Call SUsquehanna 7-0717 (NYC), or write Box S-835.

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WANTED: Boarders. Complete seclusion. Hilltop brick home, mountain surrounded. Gardens. Swimming, riding, golf, summer theaters nearby. Londonderry, Vermont. Box S-849.

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OVERLEA INN and 8 acres land (official Inn for Bennington College). North Bennington, Vermont.

APARTMENT FOR RENT

AMSTERDAM AVENUE, 115 St., 415 West. 4 rooms, utilities, elevator building. Fine location, all transportation. June 15-September 1, $150 per month.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

NEW FIVE-ROOM HOME. 60 acres, 2,100 evelation, wonderful community, fabulous view. $24,500 furnished. 2 hours NYC. Box S-561.

ADIRONDACK SUMMER HOME, frontage 2 beautiful lakes; mountains, woods. 200 miles NYC. Half mile by boat from State Highway. 3 acres, sand beach, sailing, canoeing, fishing. Comfortable house, furnished, electricity, plumbing. Secluded; summer colony, golf, churches, stores near. $11,000. Paul B. Williams, Press, Utica, N. Y.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

FARM—Upstate N.Y. Acreage, Scenic; 7 rooms, heat, fireplace, utilities. Box S-837.

CELESTIAL RETREAT—2 acres, mostly landscaped, crystal babbling brook, small pool, century-old remodeled home; 2 fireplaces, 2 bedrooms, large living room, knotty pine, hardwood floors, bath, insulated, large porch, cellar playroom, lavatory; edge of village; antique car in garage included. $19,900. Terms. Closed Sundays. Charles C. Ort, Hackettstown, N. J.

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BERKSHIRES—12 miles Tanglewood; large old Colonial, center of 200 wooded acres. Season, $1,200. Box S-574.

COLORADO SPRINGS. June-September. Modern house, $150 per month. Box S-762.

LOVELY BUNGALOW, furnished, 50 miles NYC. Secluded. 2 acres ground; electric kitchen; hot, cold water; shower; piano. Accommodates 4-5. July-Labor Day. TRafalgar 7-5564, or Washingtonville, N.Y., 6984.

EAST SHORE Penobscot Bay. Modern, completely furnished 3-bedroom house. Picture windows, spacious sunporch, superb view. $600. Mrs. Lester Blake, Harborside, Maine.

CHILDREN WANTED! Beloved old 4-bedroom house. Cool, convenient, comfortable, completely furnished. Easy drive into Rocky Mountains. Walking distance Denver University. $500 June 15-September 15; $200 monthly. 2300 South Milwaukee St., Denver, Colorado.

NEAR BREWSTER, N. Y. (1½ hours). Completely furnished stone cottage with 7 acres, large living room, 3 bedrooms, hot and cold water, electricity, phone, garage, wide view over valley. $700 for summer. Telephone BRewster 9-3795.

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EUROPE. 58 days. 11 countries. $699 up. Fourth Tour. Box S-537.

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VACATIONS

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Magnificent mountain trails. Beautiful swimming pool. Sun pavilion. Tennis and handball courts. Library. Recordings. Informal dancing. Easy transportation. 110 miles from NYC in Greene County. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Reasonable rates. Reservation or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

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VACATION IN CANADA—for suggestion write Dr. Kelloway, 1450 Whitney Ave., Hamden, Conn.

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THINK OF SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Waterfalls. Trout. Nothing whatever to do. The Masterton, Brandon, Vermont.

VACATIONS

ADIRONDACK VACATION—Stimulating people, luscious food. Private swimming pool, lake, tennis, trout river. Golf. Brochure: AAA Austin's Cobble Mountain Lodge and cottages, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, New York. 2,100 feet elevation. 600 acres surrounded by Adirondack Forest Preserve. Mountain and Lake recreation. Cottages. American plan. Booklet, rates on request.

SEVEN HILLS, LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for June in the Berkshires. Tennis, swimming, fishing, sunning—good food, records, and books. Complimentary golf June weekdays.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO. Study watercolor with Stanford Stevens July, August. Write Pastita 156, Guanajuato, Mexico.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Elevation 2000 feet. Completely surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating. Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N.Y.

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LOG CABINS in the pines. Swimming, tennis, excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

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STUDY in BEAUTIFUL TAXCO! Springtime all year. Inexpensive living and tuition. Write for folder. Fidel Figueroa, Director, Taxco School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, beauty-loving, peace-loving, food-loving types welcome. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, Maine (10 miles at sea!). Booklet?

THREE VILLAGE INN, Stony Brook, N.Y., on Long Island Sound in Suffolk County. Colonial setting, delicious food, informal, swimming, boating.

BERKSHIRES. If you love France, you'll love SUN-INSIDE. Ideal for peace-loving gourmets. Monterey, Massachusetts.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts. Midway Tanglewood and Jacob's Pillow. Unique lakeside Lodge and Cabins deep in woods, altitude 1,700, off highways. Moderate rates include meals, boats, canoes, tennis, swimming, recorded concerts, etc. Informal. Folder S.

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BERKSHIRE BOUND? Join Folk-Guitar-Recorder Workshop, Lenox. Box S-832.

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GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

LANIER-ON-THE-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Small country inn and cabins. River beach, salt water. Good food and beds. Restful. June to September.

MOHICAN HILLS, Brewster. Gracious weekends. Delectable food. Very reasonable. 50 miles New York. Decoration weekend registration. Telephone Patterson, N.Y., 3104.

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SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, N.Y. Informal adult resort, private lake, excellent tennis courts, tremendous music library.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1053

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. What Walt Whitman called the "journeywork of the stars" (3 wds.).

B. Rabelais' island where Pantagruel could buy such curiosities as an echo drawn to life, picture of a man's voice, etc.

C. Consolidators.

D. Fabulous creature who, some people think, pilots a flying saucer.

E. In the broadest sense, almost any exclusively aquatic animal.

F. The one other constellation which everybody knows, besides the Big Dipper.

G. A temple, such as the Seven Pagodas in Madras.

H. To shiver or shake.

I. Draw to oneself by esthetic or emotional influence.

J. A female traveling PX or canteen in the old French armies.

K. Account of merchandise shipped.

L. Dentist's word for the relation between the surfaces of your shut teeth.

M. Speaker of the House under Coolidge-Hoover.

N. Charm.

WORDS

147 192 35 118 175 121 130 57 206 162 141

166 204 107 64 138 68 154 92 126

131 129 9 176 73 181 90 150

96 44 38 22 15 179 158

193 80 170 134

112 5 18 16 20

145 157 55 189

144 169 23 155 183 26

142 108 171 53 72 123 133

65 198 86 149 168 136 120 135 101 77

151 98 8 42 1 200 37

103 30 6 61 95 46 85 139 152

196 24 127 32 52 27 113 91 39

146 79 180 94 163 17 67

DEFINITIONS

O. Given name, Tschaikowsky's "Beloved friend" who gave him an income many years.

P. What almost any friend will give you when he shows you the snapshots of his last trip.

Q. Describing the "dog's letter."

R. Probably the most frequently performed abdominal operations.

S. Elevated for slip of the tongue (2 wds.).

T. Bergères in France which are neither shepherdesses nor upholstered chairs.

U. The machine in a cream separator.

V. *Characteristic of one of the Octopoda* (2 wds.).

W. Single abbreviation for the agencies administering the Act of Congress of June 13, 1933.

X. Name of the letter *t* in signaling.

Y. Injudicious.

Z. Thin slice, as prepared for cooking.

Z¹. Sign of jealousy (2 wds.; Benét).

WORDS

106 201 28 100 12 63 165 125

14 205 97 186 31 62 89 153 4 34

124 167 51 178 54 115 164 47

13 132 25 148 143 209 137 114 81 49

191 60 172 48

41 190 99 116 29 58 119 7 140 177

50 83 70

111 117 195 128 87 102

203 156 74 75 173 78 2 45 159 122

56 11 71 184 207 88 66 160 36

104 69 185

84 3 43

194 199 59 82 174 93

202 105 188 109 187 33

197 208 161 10 40 182 76 21 19 110

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	■	■	1 K	2 U	■	3 X	4 P	5 F	■	6 L	7 S	8 K	9 C	10 Z¹	11 V	12 O	13 R
14 P	15 D	16 F	17 N	■	18 F	19 Z¹	■	20 F	21 Z¹	22 D	■	23 H	24 M	■	25 R	26 H
27 M	28 O	29 S	30 L	31 P	■	32 M	33 Z	34 P	35 A	36 V	37 K	38 D	■	39 M	40 Z¹	41 S
42 K	43 X	44 D	45 U	46 L	47 Q	48 R	■	49 R	50 S	51 Q	■	52 M	53 I	54 Q	55 G	56 V
57 A	58 S	■	59 Y	60 R	61 L	62 P	■	63 O	64 B	65 J	66 V	■	67 N	68 B	■	69 W
70 S	71 V	72 I	73 C	74 U	■	75 U	76 Z¹	77 J	■	78 U	79 N	80 E	81 R	82 Y	83 S	84 X
85 L	86 J	87 T	■	88 V	89 P	90 C	■	91 M	92 B	93 Y	■	94 N	95 L	96 D	97 P	98 K
■	99 S	100 O	101 J	102 T	103 L	104 W	■	105 Z	106 O	107 B	■	108 I	109 Z	110 Z¹	■	111 T
112 F	113 M	114 R	115 Q	116 S	■	117 T	118 A	■	119 S	120 J	121 A	122 U	■	123 I	124 Q	125 O
126 B	127 M	128 T	129 C	130 A	■	131 C	132 R	■	133 I	134 E	135 J	■	136 J	137 R	138 B	139 L
140 S	141 A	■	142 I	143 R	144 H	■	145 G	146 N	147 A	148 R	149 H	150 C	151 K	152 L	153 P	■
154 B	155 H	156 U	■	157 G	158 D	159 U	160 V	161 Z¹	162 A	■	163 N	164 Q	165 O	■	166 B	167 Q
168 J	169 H	170 E	171 I	172 R	173 U	174 Y	■	175 A	176 C	■	177 S	178 Q	179 D	180 N	181 C	■
182 Z¹	183 H	■	184 V	185 W	186 P	187 Z	■	188 Z	189 G	190 S	191 R	192 A	193 E	194 Y	195 T	196 M
197 Z¹	■	198 J	199 Y	200 K	201 O	202 Z	203 U	204 B	205 P	206 A	207 V	208 Z¹	209 R	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

CONTENTS

A Good Little Devil
By Carl Van Vechten 33

Introducing Tape Recorders
By Robert Oakes Jordan 36

Double Rustic Chivalry
By Irving Kolodin 38

Recordings in Review 40

Hits and Misses
By Wilder Hobson 43

Folk Song Discography
By Oscar Brand 45

The New Procrustean Bed
By Herbert Weinstock 46

Spotlight on the Moderns
By Arthur Berger 48

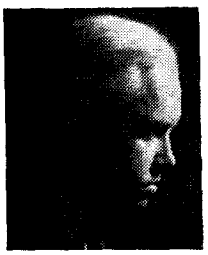
Fare from France
By Roland Gelatt 50

Pop Roundup
By Bill Simon 52

The Other Side
By Thomas Heinitz and H. C. Robbins Landon 54

Letters to the Recordings Editor 58

A Good Little Devil



By CARL VAN VECHTEN

Fritzi Scheff, who died in New York on April 8, made no recordings during her long career. Thus, we are the more indebted to one who heard her in many phases of that career for a vignette of her abilities. Carl Van Vechten has been a regular observer of the New York musical scene for more than fifty years.

BORN in Vienna in 1879 of a Wagner-singer mother and her physician-husband, Fritzi Scheff became a celebrated opera star in Germany while still in her teens. Making her debut in Frankfurt as Martha in 1897, she was presently engaged by the Hoftheater in Munich where she added Marguerite, Juliette, and many another leading rôle to her repertory and where her portrait was painted (more than once) by the old Lenbach and by the new Franz von Stuck. She married an officer-baron during this period.

Coming to the Metropolitan in America in 1901, she was soon classified as a soubrette. She made her debut as Marzelline in "Fidelio," but only hit her stride as Musetta in "La Bohème." Thereafter, she was heard as Helmwege in "Die Walküre," as Zerlina, as Freia in "Das Rheingold," as the Forest Bird in "Siegfried," as Woglinde, one of the Rhinemaidens in the "Ring," as Nedda, as Micaëla, and as Cherubino. She sang Marguerite once; other rôles were Urbain in "Les Huguenots," Oscar in "The Masked Ball," and at a "gala" on April 27, 1903 (this was her last appearance at the Metropolitan) she sang Marie in Act I of "La Fille du Regiment." She had frequently been heard at the Sunday night concerts, singing songs which ranged from "If No One Ever Marries Me," by Liza Lehmann, to "Les Filles de Cadiz," by Delibes, but occasionally she sang an air from "Linda di Chamounix," a duet from "Lucrezia Borgia," with Schumann-Heink, or a duet from "Don Giovanni," with Scotti.

In two rôles, in both of which I heard her, she was so superior a performer that her appearances in them have never been forgotten; none of her successors, indeed, has affaced her memory: Musetta and Papagena in "The Magic Flute." Musetta, of course, was her masterpiece of interpretation. She allotted the part a saucy chic (others usually overplay these qualities) that no one else has been able to assume, and she sang the waltz with a fresh, unspoiled voice. Where

—*Culver.*

"She was super-attractive. . . ."

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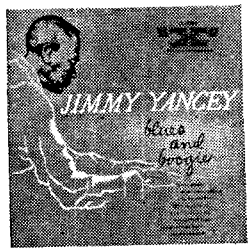

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—Brown Bros.

As Musetta—"a saucy chic."

has there been another such Cherubino? I am told that her Zerlina was a young peasant bride for a change and that her Nedda was excitingly neurotic and tragic in the appropriate melodramatic manner. My informant tells me that she sang the ballatella like a lark. I myself heard her sing the Bird in "Siegfried" and can testify to her brilliant interpretation. But after Musetta, Papagena was her most endearing rôle. I was present at a Saturday matinee performance of "The Magic Flute" in the Chicago Auditorium when she and Campanari in their last act duet completely stopped the show, repeating the duet so many times that the conductor eventually rapped on his desk as a cue for the opera to continue. The Queen of the Night (the great Sembrich) entered only to face the yet unbroken applause and shouts of "bis." She left the stage, to sing no more that day.

This was one of the scandals that caused Paderewski to dub Fritzi "the little devil of the opera." Nevertheless she created Asra in his opera "Manru."

It was from this triumphant atmosphere that Charles Dillingham won her for the field of light opera and the world of Victor Herbert. She sang this composer's "Babette," "The Two Roses," and "Mlle. Modiste," in all of which operettas I heard her in Chicago. She was the toast and the tea, the hors d'oeuvres and the dessert; in other words a sensational success, particularly in "Mlle. Modiste," in which she first sang "Kiss Me Again." Not at the beginning, she has often told me. She believed the song was too low for her and refused to sing it during the road try-out of the piece, but Mr. Herbert begged her, as a favor, to sing it the opening night in New York. The result was so phenomenal that she never stopped singing it. It became her theme song, her trademark. Hotel orchestras would dash into the melody when she appeared in the dining room. She was singing it shortly before her death. I am sure the angels will implore her to sing it in heaven.

She was entrancing, super-attractive, and spoiled by everyone, including her husbands, of whom she divorced three in succession. John Fox, Jr., who wrote "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," was the second. She was so spoiled, she told me once, much later, that her insistence on the employment of real materials in costumes was carried to the extreme where she demanded that the soldiers' uniforms in "Fatinitza" be trimmed with actual sable! I missed her performance in that opera by Von Suppe and also her appearances in "Boccaccio" and Lecocq's "Giroflé-Girofla." I do recall her very readily as Yum-Yum in an all-star production of the "Mikado," at the Casino, as I remember. Was De Wolf Hopper the Ko-Ko and Christie MacDonald the Pitti-Sing?

THERE came at last a time when she was no longer successful in operetta (it comes to all of us). She lost money on a venture of her own in which she starred herself. She had been too successful, and a faithless public was tired of her. But she refused to be daunted: she did not retire. She went into the music-halls, particularly the Palace, and had a third amazing career. In the Twenties, when Fania Marinoff and I lived at 150 West 55th Street, she shared the address. Although we were not acquainted with her, we frequently descended with her in the elevator. One night, Edgar Allen Woolf, who wrote sketches for the music-halls and who lived above us, entertained Fritzi and her mother at dinner; after dinner, and until dawn, the ladies sang *in unison* bits and pieces of Wagner, "The Cry" of "Die Walküre," Elsas Traum," the Rhine-maidens' Lament for the Gold, Senta's Ballad. There was no sleep for the neighbors, but it was exciting.

Fritzi moved. To be honest, she was asked to move, as she owed several months rent. From then on she led a precarious life, made more precarious by advancing age, asthma, and a bad heart. Several times the Actors' Fund stepped in to help her. She did not complain about her health and sang and acted whenever or wherever she could. Her voice, quite naturally, was not what it had been. She was, however, an excellent comedian and we met her eventually when she played Isobel Elsom's part in "Ladies in Retirement," in which our friend Muriel Starr was also appearing. It was in a summer theatre. She had quite a run in this play at various summer theatres. She gave a delightful performance. She appeared in other plays. In spite of hard luck, hard times, and no regular employment that she could count on, she continued to be hopeful and occasionally something happened to buoy up that hope.

She was heard now and then on the radio or in the Park. I heard her sing at Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. She wore a black sequin sheath gown and sang "Kiss Me Again." The old-timers in the audience remembered how she used to sing it. I went back to see her and found her dressing in a room too small to hold more than one of us. At this period she lived at 308 East 79th Street, and, at the age of seventy-one, she sang at the Café Grinzing across the street. The proprietor was an old friend, and she sang at the dinner hour. I heard her there, too, where she sang French and Viennese songs. Once I spoke to Edward Johnson, then director of the Metropolitan, about her, urging that he engage her to appear in small parts at the opera (before I asked this favor, I had been assured by Fritzi of her willingness to undertake this chore). Mr. Johnson received her and was kind, but nothing came of this project. Nothing permanent seemed to come of anything, but she was often before the public in some guise or

—Culver.

As Mlle. Modiste—"sensational success."

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other. In fact, aside from Mary Garden, there was no elderly singer so well-known. Although her voice was nearly gone, her name retained a good deal of its early magic to the end.

It was during the regime of the American Theatre Wing Stage Door Canteen that we became fast friends. She was a Senior Hostess and a good one; I a Captain of the men workers. It was at the Canteen that I photographed her more than once, and it was at the Canteen that she regained something of her lost splendor. She had never, indeed, lost her chic. Not, I might add, the chic of the day, but the chic of Vienna, 1890. Never a great beauty, she had what the French call "chien" to an overpowering degree. She was "dashing." She had personality and elegance. I believe she herself made over what clothes she possessed or accumulated through the kindness of friends, but she did this so skilfully that she invariably gave the appearance of smartness.

One night, it could have been ten years ago, she came to our apartment with Al Simon, who occasionally played accompaniments at the canteen, and a group of young workers. Al, seated at the piano, began, with studied carelessness, to run his fingers over the keys. Soon we noted, and Fritzi more than any of us, that he was playing odds and ends from her long career. She stood up against the drawing-room wall and seemed to be appearing before an audience again (she was: before an enraptured applauding audience). She sang bits of some airs, complete versions of others, occasionally modifying the key or the range: "Voi che sapete," "Musetta's Waltz," "See How It Sparkles" from "Giroflé-Girofla," a French song called "La Fiacre," "Voici le Sabre" from "La Grande Duchesse"; I cannot recall how many more. It was an extraordinarily happy evening for the lot of us. We felt, reasonably, that the event was historical. It was. I saw Fritzi many times after that, but this particular kind of evening was never repeated.

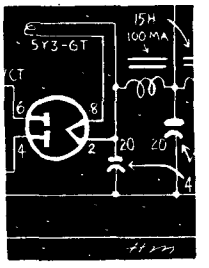
The last time I encountered her must have been on New Year's Eve 1952. She assured me on that occasion she had never returned to Germany since her initial American appearance. Perhaps this was actually true, although occasionally prima donnas are confused about events in their daily lives. At any rate, it should have been true. Two weeks before she died she had sung on a television hour in Los Angeles, and if she had lived a week longer New Yorkers would have heard her evoke "Kiss Me Again" on an Ed Sullivan program. What a career! What an artist! What a woman!

Introducing Tape Recorders

By ROBERT OAKES JORDAN, *a research specialist in sound and contributor to* Down Beat, *who will write regularly for* SR *on tape and tape recorders.*

MAGNETICS, which has led man all over the globe and into all sorts of situations, is now attracting him back to a newly revitalized entertainment center: his own home. The addition of a magnetic tape recorder as a basic member of the group which started with the stereopticon and the gramophone has given the user a chance to choose and collect, then discard or save whatever he wishes of the prodigious amount and range of material that is available to him.

The tape recorder is the first practical instrument of its kind which has not only entertainment value but the capacity for utility in widely divergent fields. Business, industry, science, and the home are only a few of those yet discovered. Magnetic recording is remarkable in that a machine not unlike your recorder could have been recording dictation, operating a giant lathe, or gathering telemetered data being transmitted from a test rocket high in the air over White Sands at the same moment you were recording Toscanini's last performance. All magnetic tape recorders operate on the same physical and electronic principles. The only variations are in the quality of the materials used and subtleties of design methods.



Before World War II home recording machines were at best a tinkerer's delight, most of them being afflicted with mechanical and electronic hypochondria. All were disc recorders using soft recording blanks and a sharp cutting stylus, causing endless trouble for the amateur. After the war the wire recorder offered a taste of practical home recording, though its limitations prevented widespread use. Practically speaking, magnetic tape was "liberated" in the conquest of Germany, where experiments had been under way for more than a decade.

The first magnetic tape recorders, though specializing in low-fidelity, created as much new interest as Father's first earphone-equipped battery radio. The old boast, "I got WLW last night—175 miles—good too" has given way to something like "I taped 'Norma' from the Met—good signal-to-noise ratio too." And the owner does not have to be a skilled technician to achieve thoroughly satisfactory results—although, of course, refinements in technique and equipment are of increasing interest the deeper one goes into the field. Some of the newer machines, it must be said, record with a standard of quality not really far from that demanded by the professional.

The electronic circuits which do the recording are essentially the same in all price classes; the main differences exist in the tape driving mechanism. Hence, the moderately priced magnetic tape recorder will do a fine job of home recording from life, air waves, and prerecorded material.

Now that the complexities of home recording have been simplified for the most part, the problem for most people is the judicious selection of a personally suitable tape recorder. The buyer, who is most likely not ready to comprehend, much less undertake, the kinds of laboratory tests which are the only infallible guides, is often subjected to catch-phrase doubletalk by advertisers and ambitious salesmen. If he does not succumb to this, he may base his choice on his knowledge of external design and housing materials. He may buy one for the simple reason that it sounds good to him, but he should bear in mind that the tape he hears in the demonstration may have been recorded on far superior professional equipment.

Although each brand has its own peculiarities, the machines in equal price brackets are safe buys for most nonprofessional uses. Recorders priced between $150 and $300 will satisfy most home users. Those below this range are seldom worth consideration; those above it approach professional quality. The primary concern is the use planned for the machine: utility, where frequency and the ultimate in quality are not necessary (as in dictation or general speech recording), or quality recording, where consistent extended flat range is required for satisfactory results.

The advertisements often try to interest the buyer in response range, as though frequency in cycles per

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second were cylinders in a luxury automobile. While the range of response is important, it is also wise to find out how flat or linear this response is over the entire range claimed. A lower overall response rating with consistent low distortion and good linearity would be my own choice over high response with high distortion, which are sometimes found together in less expensive machines.

Machines designed for nonprofessional use have single or double recording tracks. Single track records over the whole quarter-inch surface of the tape; double track involves only half the track at a time, doubling the length of the reel. The single track type provides greater recording response range.

The faster the tape speed, the better the overall quality of the recording. The speeds used are 15″, 7½″, and 3¾″ per second. Most nonprofessional machines use both of the slower speeds. Of necessity, low-cost microphones are included for live recording. Often the substitution of a better microphone will greatly improve the results.

IN CHOOSING a tape machine it is wise to listen for mechanical noise emanating from the machine itself and from an electrical representation on the recorded tape, heard in the form of unstable pitch or poor tone resolution called "wow" and "flutter." A simple test may be made without the use of instruments by recording any sustained audible note on good tape. When replayed, the note should be unvaried and sound much like the original. (Another good test would be to re-record a selection like the Prelude to "Lohengrin" or a piano composition.) Special test records and tapes, products of the Dubbings Company, might be a good investment if you plan to buy a tape recorder and for future reference as to how well your tape machine is functioning.

The limits of magnetic tapes and recording devices have not been established. Visual images picked up in a studio by a television camera can be recorded on magnetic tape for eventual reviewing, eliminating the expensive video film recording. This will be extended for home use in the future so that you will be able to buy not only prerecorded audio tapes but visual tapes, much as you do disc recordings today. This prerecorded medium will give you the opera or whatever you desire for reproduction through a device incorporated in your television set, in three dimensions too, no doubt.

In a few years magnetic tape recording has become, indeed, the modern lodestone.

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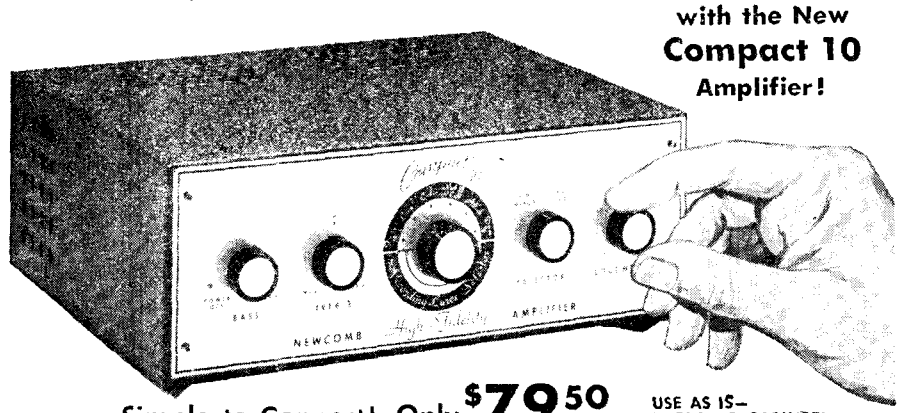

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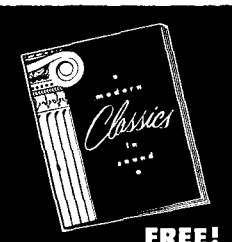

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Double Rustic Chivalry

By IRVING KOLODIN

TWO NEW versions of "Cavalleria Rusticana" this month bring the total to eight on LP, and with them an uncontested accolade for Mascagni's work as the most recorded opera in the literature. Two of the LP's predate the present era of recording, but a full half-dozen have come into existence during the last five years or so as London (LL 990-1, $11.90) and Angel (3509, $9.90) join the other major producers.

May 17, 1954, marked the sixty-fourth anniversary of the first production of "Cavalleria" in Rome, where—at the conclusion of his first premiere—Pietro Mascagni, a baker's son from Leghorn, took forty bows. He lived to conduct the fiftieth anniversary performance in 1940, one of more than a thousand Mascagni personally directed in his lifetime. [One of these, unfortunately, was the recording made in wartime Italy when the composer, well on toward the patriarchal age of eighty-one at which he died in 1946, disremembered so much and misinterpreted so much else as to leave something of a travesty rather than a document. It endures today for the brilliance of Beniamino Gigli (on RCA Victor LCT 6000 $11.44).]

It was barely weeks after the first performance in Rome that the work was produced elsewhere in Italy. Berlin heard it (additionally identified as "Bauern Ehre") before the summer was out. It came to London in 1891, to America—via Philadelphia and New York—in the same year, and to Paris in 1892. Everywhere the reception duplicated the Roman triumph. In paying tribute to Mascagni with the drawing (No. 573 in the famous "Spy" series, though this is not by Leslie Ward, owner of that pseudonym, but by an associate identified as "Lib") reproduced on *SR*'s cover this week, London's *Vanity Fair* said on August 24, 1893: "He is a prolific and an industrious fellow who is full of notes. He has in him enough strength and originality and grace to do something great. His success, indeed, is quite assured; yet it is not said to have turned his head. He is a bright lad." By this time, though Mascagni was barely thirty, he had already achieved whatever "great" was in him, however. There is melodious and ingratiating music in "L'Amico Fritz" and "Iris," but the stormy eloquence of "Cavalleria" never returned.

Del Monaco—"a vivid likeness."

By common consent and popular acclaim, "Cavalleria" is a score celebrated for its simplicity. But, as conductors Franco Ghione (in the London version) and Tullio Serafin (in the Angel) remind us, it is far from a naive or unskilful one. As may often be the case with a young creator with an impulse, Mascagni was not conscious of "style" or "manner" in fulfiling it. His primary skill consists of adhering explicitly to the excellent libretto (based on a short story by Giovanni Verga) without irrelevant interruptions or digressions. Even the famous "Intermezzo" was something of an afterthought. Originally, "Cavalleria" was a two-act work without it. To enable the work to qualify in a competition for one-act operas, Mascagni inserted the intermezzo. It won the competition and the prized production that went with it. As of today, the title page of the score describes "Cavalleria" as a "Melodrama in one act."

That, appropriately, brings us to the two current versions, which are more "melodrama" than conventional opera. This is determined not by the will of the conductors, but rather by the force of two uncommon personalities—Maria Meneghini Callas as Santuzza in the Angel, Mario del Monaco as Turridu in the London. Had there been a way of combining them in the same performance (without blistering the vinylite) the combination would have eliminated a discussion of fine points. However, matters could not be ordered for the listener's complete convenience, which leaves us grateful that both stars have admirable satellites. No matter which dominates the individual attention, that version will give considerable "Cavalleria" to the purchaser.

If I were faced with a choice of one or the other, I think I should incline to the Angel, for Miss Callas's Santuzza—in the wake of her Elvira in "Puritani" and her Lucia—gives her rank not only as the most versatile soprano now active, but also one of the most expressive. It may be that when she wants to attract Mama Lucia's attention her voice inflects the phrase to a *forte* rather than the *piano* indicated in the score, but there is no doubt of the dramatic motivation. The power she commands for the ensembles and the strikingly individual sound of the voice add to a consistently personal interpretation. Giuseppe di Stefano often has to push for the dramatic accent Turiddu requires, but his sound is often beautiful. Rolando Panerai is a better Alfio than Aldo Protti in the London set, Anna Maria Canali (Lola) and Ebe Ticozzi (Mama Lucia) of the same Angelic quality as their opposite numbers, Laura Didier and Anna Maria Anelli.

For my taste, Turiddu is Del Monaco's most successful role on records. He gives a vivid likeness, in sound, of the irresponsible heartbreaker, permitting more vibrance in the tone, and hence more pleasure for the ear, than has been his custom. In fact, the "Addio" (before the duel) is almost caressingly sung, indicating just why those who would like to hear more of this sound from him think he is ill-advised in preferring a dryer, tenser tone. The Santuzza of Elena Nicolai (not to be confused with Elena Nikolaidi) is, by customary standards, remarkably good, though overshadowed by such a virtuoso one as Callas. If one is partial to Del Monaco, Nicolai will be found more than satisfactory.

As between conductors, I found Ghione inclined to some subtleties to which Serafin is not disposed, and also to a rather quicker pace. The climax of the London version is handled with a little more pungence (in spoken words and crowd noises) than the Angel. Both are extremely well-balanced, vivid recordings, with a bit more resonance in the Angel. The latter's attractive presentation also includes the D. H. Lawrence translation of the short story by Verga on which the libretto was based, and a new, smooth-reading translation of the latter by Winston Burdett. The

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London settles for the time-honored Rullman libretto, printed on slick paper.

The discrepancy in price noted above has to do with the fourth-side treatment (each "Cavalleria" uses three faces). Angel leaves its blank, and prorates the charge accordingly. London provides the Del Monaco fans with half a dozen arias (ranging from the familiar "Che gelida manina" and "Nessun dorma!" to the less familiar "Nel verde maggio" from Catalani's "Loreley" and "Un di all'azzurro spazio" from "Andrea Chenier"). All of these are powerfully sung, several with a deal of rich sound and musical restraint not previously heard from him.

HOW do the existing versions of "Cavalleria" fare in the aftermath of the newer ones? The one that keeps its place, in terms of its special values, is the RCA Victor (LM 6106), with Milanov singing her own kind of Santuzza, Bjoerling a brightly melodious Turiddu, and Robert Merrill a better Alfio than either of the Italian ones. Renato Cellini's conducting does not have the character of either Ghione's or Serafin's, but it is thoroughly good. The recording compares favorably with either Angel or London—in some respects it is superior—and the combination with "Pagliacci" on three discs provides the full additional "twin" at a favorable price.

Columbia's "Cavalleria" was the first LP version, as I recall, but never too well favored due to the use of Margaret Harshaw as Santuzza. Richard Tucker dominates this set by the fine sound of his Turiddu, with Frank Guarrera a more than capable Alfio, and Fausto Cleva providing vigorous leadership. The recording, though good, is not in the class of the three others. Cetra's Basile-directed version is not exceptional in any respect.

In the popular-price category, the catalogue will soon offer still another Italian-made version from Remington (199-175, $5.98) which is forcefully conducted by George Sebastian and powerfully reproduced, but not blessed by more than tolerable singing by the mostly young, little-known personnel.

Finally, on Columbia's Entré label there goes spinning on the dimmer voices of Giannina Arrangi-Lombardi as Santuzza and Antonio Melandri as Turiddu, with Lorenzo Molajoli conducting (Entré EL 5, $7.57). What I can say with finality after checking the eight sets is that Serafin does the best conducted performance of the "Intermezzo," which speaks much for a musician of seventy-five who has been conducting this work, probably, for most of a half-century.

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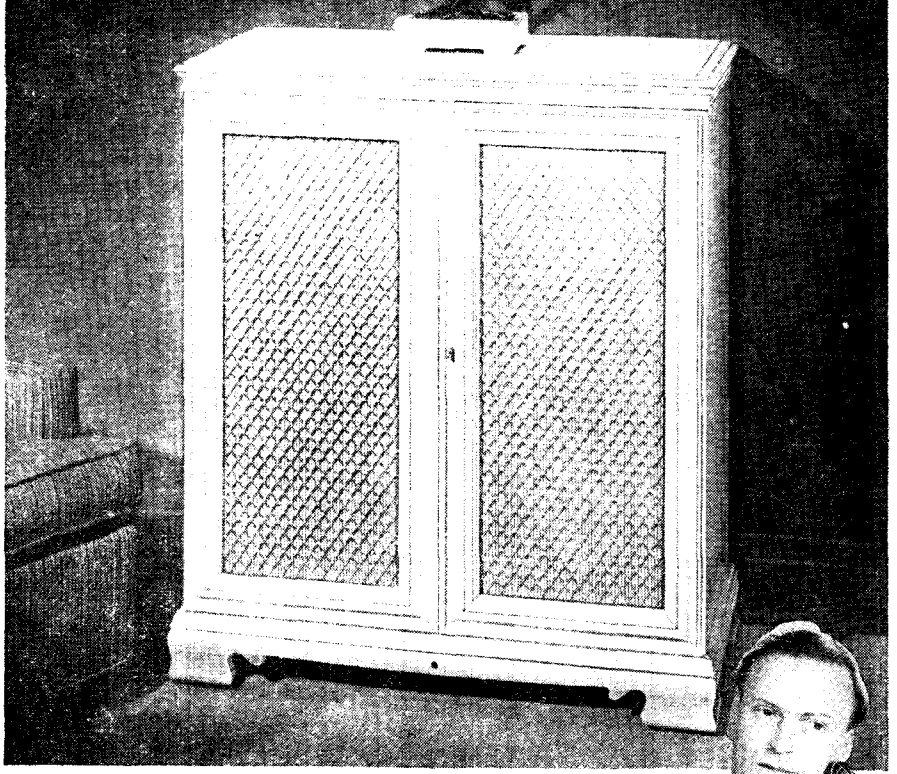

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Recordings in Review

Il Maestri di Cimarosa

CIMAROSA: *"Il Maestro di Cappella." Fernando Corena, basso, with orchestra conducted by Bruno Amaducci.* (London LD 9118, $2.95.) *The same. Carmelo Maugeri, basso, with orchestra conducted by Ennio Gerelli;* also CIMAROSA: *Excerpts from "Il Matrimonio Segreto." Elda Ribetti, soprano, and Amilcare Blaffard, tenor.* (Vox PL 8450, $5.95.)

WHO got wind of whose enterprise in this matter, or what skulduggery was involved in the simultaneous appearances of these two versions of a long-forgotten drollery by Cimarosa, may be subject for gossip in Milan's Galleria, but it can only be cause for gratification for American music lovers. It is as though all the possible versions of Mozart's "Musikalische Spass" were issued at once, and the listener allowed the choice to pick the one that pleased him better.

It is that same kind of musical spoofery, in which the vocalist is represented as a *maestro di capella* ("conductor") rehearsing a work in the style of "il Cavalier Scarlatti." The orchestra makes false entrances, plays too loud or too soft, and otherwise exasperates the director, who is meanwhile singing his complaints. Finally, everything goes the same way, and a performance is achieved. The remarkable thing is that, with all the artificiality and all the fun, Cimarosa manages to write a work of remarkable musical flow and ingenuity in a vein we term Mozartian, though the Italian was doing it somewhat earlier.

Either performance would be welcome were there no other; but since there are two, some clear-cut distinctions may be noted. Corena and his excellent conductor, Amaducci, treat the whole thing as a musical *tour de force* without dwelling too much on the instrumental interjections. They are present and accounted for, but not pointed up as in the Maugeri-Gerelli effort. Here the vocalist is more patently a *maestro di ceremoni*, treating the thing primarily for laughs. Maugeri is a singer not previously known here with admirable technique and a good comic spirit whose deep thick voice cannot quite match the flexibility and *esprit* of Corena's. But it is conceivable he could be very effective in certain operatic roles.

Corena also profits from a lighter, more vivacious playing of the orchestral part and London's special kind of sonority. In this respect the Vox issue is good but not outstanding.

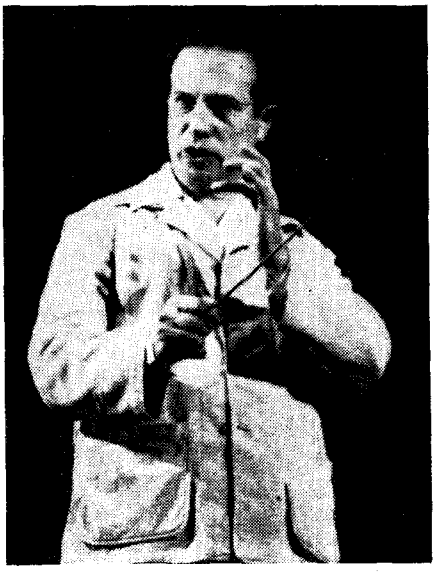
As for the second side excerpts from "Il Matrimonio Segreto," they are a dubious dividend (while almost doubling the cost of the item of basic interest). Neither singer is more than promising, and the sequence of selections leaves much of the score wanting.

Compleat "Nutcracker"

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"The Nutcracker." Antal Dorati conducting the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.* (Mercury OL 2101, $11.90.)

HERE is an admirable idea carried through to near perfection by all concerned, beginning with the excellent orchestra (now, I'd say, in the top half dozen of the country), continuing with conductor Dorati, and culminating in the skilful work of the unidentified technicians. Taking all things together, this impresses me as the best blend of aural elements—meaning high fidelity to composer and the sound involved—that Mercury has yet accomplished in Minneapolis.

It is an advantage, of course, that Dorati begins with a work for which he has a pronounced flair, not only in the portions usually excerpted for concert purposes, but in the whole continuity as it was created. How many "Nutcracker" fanciers will want to sit through the *scènes d'action* and the pantomime music on the way to the famous *divertissements* may be less than legion, but I venture the opinion that many who thought they had permanently lost interest in those overplayed *morceaux* will find their appetite restored in this more ample form.



Antal Dorati—"a pronounced flair."

Altogether Dorati commands a high degree of attention throughout, a tribute not only to his feeling for the ballet idiom (his ample history in that field is too well known to require repetition) but also to his constantly sharpening sense of orchestral values. Likewise, in balance, presence, and instrumental definition this notches the Mercury "Olympian" standard even higher than it has been. There isn't the bloom of richness that goes with the best of European recordings, but the lean, strong sound is remarkably pure here, and with more resonance than this auditorium has usually yielded. Doubtless there will eventually be patched together a disc in the continuity of the familiar suite for those who want that much and no more. The Angel-style album is gaudy rather than merely gay.

Monteux, Mozartian

MOZART: *Piano Concertos Nos. 12 (K.414) and 18 (K.456). Lili Kraus, piano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Pierre Monteux.* (RCA Victor LM 1783, $5.72.)

I HAVE searched my memory (also the available catalogues) without recalling any previous identification of Monteux with Mozart (on records), which suggests two things: a grievous oversight in the past, with an early opportunity for rectification in the approaching Mozart bicentenary. Miss Kraus performs in the way we have come to expect from her, but the even, zestful flow of the orchestral portion of the dialogue is a model of how such a thing should sound.

It is also apparent that the good feeling of the occasion extended to the individual players, who seem to be having a better time at what they are doing than in most post-Koussevitzky recordings from Boston. Doubtless this is merely a reflection of the spirit and sensitivity Monteux applies to his work, but the give and take through both performances is decidedly non-common.

One need hardly say anything at this point about K.456, which is well-known and, as Mozart piano concertos go, frequently played. The A major (K.414), however, is a work of endless fascination and musical charm, with a tumbling abundance of ideas, a remarkable stock of ingenious vari-

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ants on the composer's familiar modes of procedure, and some harmonic surprises (beautifully handled by Miss Kraus) that must have troubled his contemporaries as much as they please us.

As to recorded quality, it strikes me as the cleanest, most resonant RCA Victor has done on piano and orchestra anywhere.

Mödl on Telefunken

BEETHOVEN: *"Abscheulicher" ("Fidelio"); WAGNER: "Liebestod" ("Tristan") Martha Mödl, soprano. Artur Rother conducting the orchestra of the Städtische Opera, Berlin.* (Telefunken TN 68003, $2.95.)

GLUCK: *"Che faro" ("Orfeo"); VERDI: "O don fatale" ("Don Carlos") and Sleepwalking Scene ("Macbeth"). The same, with Hans Löwlein conducting.* (Telefunken TN 68009, $2.95.)

WAGNER: *"Isolde! Tristan! Geliebter!" ("Tristan"). The same, with Wolfgang Windgassen, tenor, and Johanna Blatter, mezzo-soprano. Artur Rother conducting.* (Telefunken LGX 66004, $5.95.)

WERE Martha Mödl able, on these introductory Telefunken LP discs, to proceed from Beethoven to Verdi with equal power and unvarying success, she would be indeed a singer to create a stir. What we know of her, as Kundry in the Bayreuth "Parsifal," defined a singer of strong personality and rather erratic vocal technique, whose future might take a course either in the direction of stronger dramatic personality, or more erratic vocal technique.

From the evidence of these discs—which presumably postdate the "Parsifal" of 1951—both things seem to be happening simultaneously. The "Abscheulicher" is an astonishing delivery of this notoriously difficult vocal chore, up to and including a firmly centered B at the end of a powerfully dramatic performance. The "Liebestod" on side two of this disc is also of superior quality, and the recording has the big sound associated with Telefunken products of past days, in a notably resonant hall or studio.

However, both of the other discs are substantially below the quality of this one, in performance and reproduction. The letdown is gradual, with the mechanical qualities of the "Tristan" Love Duet almost as good as the Beethoven, but the vocalization much less assured. Windgassen is a Tristan of promise but far from a master of the vocal problems of the music, and together they seem

Martha Mödl- "of strong personality."

to be concentrating on getting notes out rather than singing of love for each other. The Gluck-Verdi disc is typically Germanic in treating this music to translated texts and rather awkward phraseologies. Mödl makes a dramatically effective thing of the Sleepwalking Scene, but she lacks the richness of voice for Eboli's big scene in "Don Carlos." The balance is not good in these, the orchestra undervalued. (Neither conductor, incidentally, is much of an asset.)

High Fidelity Oistrakh

PROKOFIEV: *Sonata in F minor, Opus 80 (No. 1);* FRANCK: *Sonata in A. David Oistrakh, violin, and Lev Oborin, piano.* (Vanguard VRS 6019, $5.95.)

LIKE a distant celestial object brought into view by increasingly powerful adjuncts to the vision, Oistrakh's typical sound is here under closer aural scrutiny than ever before, thanks to a session with reasonably high fidelity techniques during his Paris visit of last year. (This refers only to the Prokofiev, for the Franck is a USSR recording.) What is intensified is degree rather than kind: the firm, pulsating tone is firmer, more pulsating than in the dimmer Eastern European discs, the incisive pull of the bow more incisive, the tendency to strike out for violinistic points at the expense of musical niceties no less marked.

Relative to other versions of this work—by Stern, Szigeti, and Menuhin—it doesn't strike me that much has been added to the subject by Oistrakh. He is plainly a violinist in the foreground with the pianist not rated of equal importance. There is better proportion in the Franck, where Oborin is consistently in the picture. However, it is a picture rather different in detail from the usual concept of Franck as a brooding, mystical figure. With Oistrakh, the values are laid out as neatly and as coldly as a body in the morgue. The music is analyzed, evaluated, and delivered with maximum precision, but in a way to suggest that the work once played with such tender concern, such loving affection by Thibaud and Cortot is rather a subject for suspicion across the red horizon. Tolerable recording, though inferior to the Prokofiev.

Nielsen for Clarinet

NIELSEN: *Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra, Opus 57. Louis Cahuzac, clarinet, with John Frandsen conducting the Copenhagen Royal Opera Orchestra.* (Columbia ML 2219, $4.)

OF THE Nielsen works known here (primarily the later symphonies) this has the most individuality and emotional content. A product of 1928 (when the composer was sixty-five), it was one of the last works he completed before his death in 1931. It is cast in a single continuous movement, with tempo divisions that parallel the customary fast-slow-fast sequence of three-movement concertos. Written specifically for the Danish clarinet virtuoso Aage Oxenvad, it is nevertheless a strikingly introspective work, with few of the superficial aspects of the show-piece. Even a fiendishly difficult cadenza towards the end is in character.

In its flow of thought and easy passage back and forth from diatonic to chromatic writing, from consonance to dissonance, it is oddly akin to the late works of Bartók. Thanks to the far-ranging scope of present-day recording, we have belatedly—but sooner than might have happened otherwise—an awareness of a composer of force and personality who should be better known than he is.

Perhaps if Columbia had not issued this in a uniform edition with other wind instrument concertos that have been in its catalogue for some time (Goossens, Brain, etc.) more attention would have been paid to it. In any case, Cahuzac is a master clarinetist (according to the specifications on the sleeve he is now seventy-four years old) and Frandsen makes the main points of the score amply apparent. Excellently balanced sound, sharply defined.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4. Solomon, with Philharmonia Orchestra. André Cluytens conducting. LHMV 1056, $5.95.	Neatly turned, fluent playings of the second and third movements after a first movement unduly slow and lacking in animation. A lengthy cadenza also detracts from listening pleasure. Excellent recorded sound is an asset, but the versions of Giesecking (Columbia) or Kempff (Decca) are preferable.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 4. Josef Krips conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. London LL 915, $5.95.	Krips has a fine feeling for the melodic flow of the slow movement, and the finale also moves well (a virtuoso bassoonist is so conspicuous one wishes it were the "Così" Overture being played). The first and third movements are not of the same vitality. Monteux's excellent treatment is still outstanding, though RCA LM 1724 offers a Toscanini pairing of Nos. 2 and 4.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 6. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35080, $5.95.	The whole of the first side is slow-moving, rather heavy for the matter involved. Von Karajan's interest seems centered on the storm which he delivers powerfully. However, there is more to the "Pastoral" than this. Toscanini's performance remains the paragon, with the Steinberg-Pittsburgh excellent also. The Angel sound is good.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 8; Mendelssohn: Symphony in D minor. Alfred Wallenstein conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Decca DL-9726, $5.85.	Straightforward, well-studied Beethoven, a shade strenuous in the climaxes. Particularly good scherzando. The Mendelssohn "Reformation" is the best now available. Cover claims about high fidelity are overstressed; there is plenty of volume in these recordings but the surroundings are not good, acoustically, for the purpose, and details blur.
Glazounov: "Scènes de Ballet," "Valses de Concert" (Nos. 1 and 2). S. Samosud conducting the Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theatre. Period SPL 596, $5.95.	Typically listenable examples of Glazounov's gifts for melodic invention and rhythmic animation. Originality is not conspicuous, but the waltzes in particular are well made. Samosud conducts both sides with authority and verve, and the sound, compared to earlier products from the USSR, is on the way to present expectations in fidelity.
Gliere: Concerto for Horn. The composer conducting the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra, with V. Polek, horn. Classic CE 3001, $5.95.	Old-fashioned but attractive writing, with a remarkably expert handling of the difficult instrument by V. Polek. The recording conforms to the observation above. The second side miscellany of Prokofiev ("Gypsy Fantasy" from "Stone Flower" Ballet), Glinka ("Jota Aragonesa"), and Amirov (Azerbaijan Mugam, "Shur") is uneven in quality.
Mozart: Concertos No. 11 (K. 413) and 22 (K. 482). Vivian Rivkin, piano, with Dean Dixon conducting the Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster WL 5244, $5.95.	Miss Rivkin's musicality is of the order made evident in ealier recordings, but there is insufficient detail in phrasing, not enough finesse in execution for proper service to Mozart. Dixon as a Mozartian is not as satisfactory as he was in his Schubert recordings. No. 11 has not been available on LP previously, but the Serkin version of No. 22 made at Prades is preferable, musically. The Westminster sound is superior, however.
Mozart: Divertimento in B flat, K. 287. Jan Tomasow, violin, with orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska. Vanguard VRS 444, $5.95.	Though this combination of performers gave us a worthy version of the D major Divertimento recently [*SR* Feb. 27], the current effort is overstressed, heavier in accent, more angular in phraseology. A comparison with the D major yields nothing informative save the evident fact that the volume level of the B flat is higher, which may contribute to the impression of heaviness.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 18, 19, 20, and 21. Otto Ackermann conducting the Netherlands Philharmonic. Concert Hall CHS-1193, $5.95. Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 22, 23, 24 and 25. The same. CHS-1194, $5.95.	The first disc has some pleasure content, but not a great deal that is musically memorable (save for its identification with the composer-to-come). Interest is more constant in the four works of the second disc, and the last of them, of course, (the "early" G minor) is a work of considerable power. Ackermann's beat is steady, but the music requires more vitalizing leadership than he provides. The playing is efficient, the recording good.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 35 (D) and 41 (C). William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol P-8242, $5.70.	Lively, lilting Mozart, of particular stimulation in the No. 41 ("Jupiter"), which has not had such suitable treatment previously on LP. The "Haffner" is also well played, though the reissued Beecham (Columbia LP ML 4770) is my preference in style. Excellent clarity in the Pittsburgh sound, though a warmer, more vibrant string tone would enhance Steinberg's good work.
Mozart: Symphony No. 40 (G minor); Haydn: Symphony No. 94, in G ("Surprise"). Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 1789, $5.72.	Two remarkably vital, tightly organized performances with the "new" G minor a happy improvement on the dry (Studio 8H) sound of its predecessor. This also works its benefits on the Toscanini statement of the music, though I have a warm feeling still for the Beecham of old (now on Columbia ML 4674). The Haydn is brilliantly turned, though with a shade more dash than mere *élan*. The "surprise" is delicately prepared, though if the effect is "humorous," it would seem accidental. Beautifully detailed sound.
Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloë" (Suites 1 and 2). André Cluytens conducting the Orchestre de la Radiodiffusion Française. Angel 35054, $5.95.	Considerate but hardly incandescent performance, in which a chorus is utilized. The additional space devoted to the "Alborado del Gracioso" shows Cluytens in more advantageous vein. However, the "Daphnis" doesn't match Ansermet in poetry or musical finesse, or Toscanini's in pure (or impure) fervor.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in F minor. Paul van Kempen conducting the Amsterday Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic LC 3013, $5.95.	One of the best versions of this much recorded work, given a full measure of dramatic power within a well calculated musical framework. Those who have any recollection of the way Mengelberg's version (made with this orchestra in the same hall) sounded will hear it in far more resonant detail and without the exaggerations practised by the then wilful Willem.
Wagner: "Tannhäuser" Overture-Bacchanale, etc. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 4865, $5.95.	Superb performances of loud and louder Wagner (the prelude to Act III of "Lohengrin," the "Ride of the Valkyries" and "Magic Fire" music from "Walküre," and three excerpts from "Meistersinger" are also included). The orchestral sound is richest in the "Tannhäuser" and "Meistersinger" excerpts, especially the prelude to Act III of the latter.
Weber: "Invitation to the Dance." Anatole Fistoulari conducting the New Symphony. London LD 9108, $2.95.	Well-defined, light-handed treatment of the Berlioz instrumentation in a spirit appropriate to its billing as "Le Spectre de la Rose." Excellent sound here and in the overside "Pas de Deux" from Minkus's "Don Quixote" score. Is the "New Symphony" another Philharmonia, or the same under another name? It plays well enough to raise the question. —I. K.

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HITS AND MISSES

Bigotry and Other Musical Matters

I AM not one to claim a large-mindedness which I don't possess, so I will freely admit that under a bland and fairly jovial exterior I have a cave of prejudices. These include a vast distaste for dirndls, snoods, and lavender automobiles. And until recently I had the greatest sympathy for the objurgation which Jimmy Durante used to hurl at the Palace Theatre orchestra: "There'll be no flutes in my music!" As a matter of fact, as far back as the middle Thirties a Harlem flutist named Wayman Carver began to work against my persuasion that flute music suggested nothing so much as a bad piece of garden sculpture. Now the work of enlightenment has been completed by young Bud Shank of Hermosa Beach, California.

I have mentioned him before in this space and am happy to find him still active. In "Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse All Stars, Vol. 4" (Contemporary C2510) Shank, on the flute and alto flute, is joined by Bob Cooper, oboe and English horn; Claude Williamson, piano; Howard Rumsey, bass; and Max Roach, drums. Playing compositions by various members of the group, by Dizzy Gillespie and Milt Jackson, they make lovely, light, breathy syncopation, full of harmonic delicacies and a variety of moods suggested by the titles: "Aquarium," "Warm Winds," "Night in Tunisia," "Albatross," "Still Life," "Bag's Groove," "Hermosa Summer," and "Happy Town." This is some of the finest modern jazz I know of, and I think Jimmy Durante would readily concede that the flute has a right to get into the act.

The modern alto saxophonist Lee Konitz has an ultra-sophisticated musical inventiveness which always fascinates me, even when the end product is not to my taste. I find his rapid elaborations in "Lee Konitz at Storyville" (Storyville STLP 304) rather cold if highly ingenious, but the LP would be worth it if only for the remarkable playing of the English pianist Ronnie Ball. Konitz seems much more various and pleasing with the Gerry Mulligan Quartet (Pacific Jazz PJLP-10) where the qualities of his musical invention can be easily appreciated in his work with such familiar themes as "Too Marvelous for Words," "Almost Like Being in Love," and "These Foolish Things." He makes an admirable polyphonic companion of Mulligan on the baritone saxophone and Chet Baker on the trumpet.

My only complaint about the agile playing of Baker is his frequent tendency to sound rather wan and bloodless, and when he puts down his horn and takes the vocals in "Chet Baker Sings" (Pacific Jazz PJLP-11) the blood count descends still further. This all sounds much too effete for me, and I will return to Baker at the valves. Other young Californians are gathered in the Herbie Harper Quintet (Nocturne NLP-1) with Harper, trombone; Bob Gordon, baritone; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Roy Harte, drums; and Harry Babasin, bass. Like a good deal of modern jazz, theirs sounds exceedingly finished and thoughtful; it is pleasant all the way through but, for me at least, it provides very little luster.

A powerful antidote comes from a 1953 session in Boston with the great Sidney Bechet in top form on the soprano saxophone, the spirited trombone of Vic Dickenson; Buzzy Drootin, drums; George Wein, piano; and Jimmy Woode, bass (Storyville STLP 306). Bechet gets into "Bugle Blues" as though he wished to wake the New Orleans dead and then proceeds to "Indiana," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "Ole Miss." The power drumming of Drootin will not let the silence alone. There are further classic delights on "Jazz Duplex" (Pax 6006) with the revival of four tunes by the great trio of Omer Simeon, clarinet; James P. Johnson, piano; and Pops Foster, bass. The titles: "Bandana Days," "Creole Lullaby," "Lorenzo's Blues," and "Harlem Hatcha."

The Riverside series of jazz archives continues and is becoming rich indeed.

I issue blanket warning regarding these LP's that the quality of reproduction varies greatly—they are mainly the reprocessing of very early stuff. Discriminating buyers, especially the high-fi addicts, will do well to try desired items before purchase. But for anyone who is not drunk with fidelity and who wishes to build up a basic jazz library, these records will prove an inestimable boon. I will make brief note of some eight LP's, all under the Riverside label. There is "Wingy Manone's Dixieland Jazz" of 1930 (RLP 1030) with the tough horn of the New Orleans trumpeter supported by the rarely heard and warmly rewarding clarinet of George Walters. In such numbers as "Big Butter and Egg Man," "Up the Country," and "Weary Blues" Manone also sings, and the Manone vocal expression is one of the more muscular elements in the jazz area.

For years I have been waiting for the re-release of "Clarence Williams and His Orchestra" in such numbers as "Bimbo" and "Sister Kate" of 1928-29 (RLP 1033). The composer-pianist is surrounded by King Oliver or Ed Allen on the trumpet; Charlie Irvis, trombone; various reeds including the clarinetist Omer Simeon; Buddy Christian, banjo; and Cyrus St. Clair, tuba. This is vintage small-band jazz, as redolent as my memory of it. Very poorly recorded, but musically delightful and historically impressive are eight of the earliest sides of "Jelly Roll Morton's Kings of Jazz" made between 1923 and 1926 (RLP 1027). Riverside also affords "George Brunis with The New Orleans Rhythm Kings" of 1922-23, including the mythical clarinet of Leon Rapollo (RLP 1024). "Louis Armstrong with King Oliver's Creole Jazz Band" (RLP 1029) is a set of the discs which galvanized Chicago jazz enthusiasts in 1923 and which went on, gradually, to sweep the syncopated world. The cornetist Bix Beiderbecke may be heard in his 1924-25 recordings, with the Wolverines (RLP 1023), and the trumpeter Tommy Ladnier is represented by a program of blues and stomps from 1923 and 1925 (RLP 1026). Finally, there is the Chicago South Side blues piano playing of 1925 and 1928 by Jimmy Blythe (RLP 1031).

In closing, I will report the sturdy comment of a young man when I was recently asked whether Louis Armstrong was in good physical condition, whether there might not be some truth in the frequent rumor that his chops were, as they say, beat. I replied that so far as I knew the Armstrong embouchure was in admirable shape. "Well," the young man said, "if he loses his lips, he's still got his teeth."

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LP's

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Bagatelles. Grant Johannesen, piano. Concert Hall CHS-1199, $5.95.	Johannesen plays the twenty-six brief works (Opera 33, 119, and 126, plus two dating from 1797) with warm understanding and fine pianistic control. However, the works are not of unvarying interest, and the march of small forms tends to the monotonous.
Beethoven: Sonatas, Opus 24 and Opus 12, No. 3. Jean Fournier, violin, with Ginette Doyen, piano. Westminster WL 5247, $5.95.	The silky, refined tone of Fournier is beautifully suited to the flow of this music, but his style is rather deficient in musical muscle for a proper balance with the vigorous work of Miss Doyen. It is a novelty to hear the piano part so well played, and the only regret is that her sound is more masculine than his. The slow movements in both works fare best. Live, remarkably realistic sound.
Bellini: "Meco all 'altar di Venere" ("Norma") etc. Gino Penno, tenor, with Antonio Narducci, conducting. London LD 9117, $2.95.	Powerful but crude singing by Penno, more trying on records than in the theatre, as the faults of intonation, production, etc., are more audible. However, his objectives are often so good (likewise in the second-side excerpt from "Simon Boccanegra," "Sento avvampar nell'anima") that one wishes him well in mastering his resources. Narducci is an able associate, as is Angelo Mercuriali, who provides the voice for Flavio. Excellent reproduction.
Brahms: Intermezzi, G minor Rhapsody, etc. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LM 1787, $5.72.	A cross-section of the Brahms piano literature, played with a broad range of tonal values and musical resources. The bigger pieces, such as the G minor and E flat Rhapsodies, profit most from the power and sweep that Rubinstein commands. Excellent piano sound.
Granados: "Goyescas" ("El Pelele"). Nikita Magaloff, piano. London LL 954, $5.95.	Rather generalized treatment of these fanciful pieces, which is to say that Magaloff does not present any convincing evidence of understanding the Spanish idiom, nor of tendering instead, a special kind of keyboard dexterity. Good enough recording, in terms of what is involved.
Haydn: Quartet in C ("Emperor"). Amadeus String Quartet. RCA Victor LHMV 1039, $5.95.	A warm and endearing example of the Amadeus Quartet's style in Haydn, suave in sound, lively in spirit, and full of musical virtue. The attractions of the disc are substantially enhanced by a sparkling performance of the Mozart G major (K. 387), the first in the sequence dedicated to Haydn. Both are well-recorded, though not with the bite and resonance we associate with high-fidelity quartet recording.
Lambert: Concerto for Piano and Nonette. Menahem Pressler, piano, with Theodore Bloomfield conducting. M-G-M E 3081, $4.85.	A rather peculiar work of 1933, with much brilliant writing in a vein obviously influenced by Lambert's interest in jazz and ending with an elegaic tribute to Peter Warlock. Not the least interest is the brilliant playing of an ensemble which includes Harry Glantz, trumpet, Janos Starker, cello, Saul Goodman, percussion, Augustin Duques, clarinet, and Philip Sklar, double bass. With it are a series of brief piano pieces by Lord Berners, derived from Prokofiev, but with an individuality of their own. Pressler plays them vigorously, as he does the Lambert work. Clean recording, well balanced in a difficult pattern.
Mozart: Quintet in E flat (K. 452). Robert Veyron-Lacroix, piano, with woodwind quartet. London OL-50016, $5.95.	Artfully cultivated woodwind playing by a quartet of French virtuosos, whose tonal qualities blend beautifully with that of the excellent pianist. On all counts this is superior to the recent Serkin-Philadelphia issue, and very clearly recorded. With it is a "Cassazione-Quartet" for oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon attributed to Mozart, but not included in the Köchel catalogue. It is also well played.
Rachmaninoff: Sonata in G minor. Joseph Schuster, cello, and Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P-8248, $5.70.	Some of the best "minor" Rachmaninoff thoughts, dating from 1901, the year of the Second Concerto. Schuster has a superb feeling for the amount of brooding appropriate to it, and an unending tonal flow that makes for persuasive listening. Pennario, too, does justice to the richly written piano part without blanketing his associate. Furthermore, the end product suggests a more than casual amount of preparation for the recording, which comes off remarkably well as a joint effort. Fine sound, perfectly balanced.
Schubert: Quintet in C. Amadeus Quartet with William Pleeth, cello. RCA Victor LHMV 1051, $5.95.	The affinity of the players for this music is plain, though their way of expressing it leaves some dissatisfaction with the sound of the fast movements, where the tone in fortes thins out, leaving insufficient force for the climaxes. However it would be difficult to imagine the slow movement more affectingly sung than it is by leader Norbert Brainin, or the responses better integrated than they are from the instruments of his colleagues. The Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet (Westminster) provides a better evaluation of the total work, but this slow movement is outstanding. The sound here is brighter, fuller than that that of the Haydn-Mozart noted above.
Smetana: "From My Life" Quartet. Vegh Quartet. London LL 865, $5.95.	An untraditionally nondramatic treatment of Smetana's popular work, but one which eventually makes its effect by the painstaking detail of the presentation, the logic with which it is pursued to a climax. Intonation is not always truly centered, but the emotion of the slow movement is. With it is a vigorous playing of the Kodaly Quartet No. 2 (Opus 10), a work of value. Both are well reproduced.
Verdi: "De miei bollenti spiriti" ("Traviata") etc. Helge Roswaenge, tenor. Classic CE 7010, $5.95.	Those who do not object to hearing this or other matter ranging from "Il Mio Tesoro" to the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" sung in German will hear much that is characteristic of Roswaenge's notable voice (Classic is coy about the source of its material, or the period involved, though it sounds to be early Roswaenge). However, his taste in the use of it is repeatedly open to question. Included is the famous excerpt from Adam's "Postillon de Longjumeau," with its soaring top D's. The processing from the 78's is decidedly successful.
Verdi: "Non t'accostare all'urna"; other songs by Bellini and Mascagni. Patricia Neway, soprano, with Thomas Mayer, piano. Eterna LP 101, $5.95.	A canny choice of repertory by Miss Neway, who acquaints us with such little known matter as Verdi's "La seduzione," "Non t'accostare all'urna," "Perdut'ho la pace," and a "Brindisi," and Bellini's "Per pieta" and "Malinconia." They are all worth knowing and intelligently performed, though the rather worn throbby sound of the voice makes listening more of a duty than a pleasure. Considering what she has to offer in artistic intensity and musical understanding, it might be well for Miss Neway to take some time off to get her vocal equipment in better order. Thomas Mayer is the helpful pianist. —I. K.

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Folk Song Discography

FROM the Archives of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress there has come a new publication which is important more for its promise than for its present merit. The neatly printed 176-page book is called "A List of American Folk Songs Currently Available on Record." It can be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents for sixty cents.

In its descriptive publicity release the Library observes: "The possibility of revising and expanding it will depend upon the reception it receives." With this in mind, I urge public subscription, for if enough people purchase this book the AAFS may publish a better one.

In effect, "American Folk Songs" is a listing of records manufactured by twenty-four companies. There are approximately 1,600 entries, many of them describing the finest folk music presently available on record. A careful index is appended, giving the titles of albums and the names of performers. Libraries, radio stations, students, and other interested parties will find the book of great value.

However, because many folk songs have been released on minor labels, some fine singing is unlisted. In future publications of the Archives, I hope that such standards as Blind Lemon Jefferson's "Folk Blues," on Riverside, will be included. And I'd like to see the exciting Woody Guthrie LP put out by Stinson listed, rather than his "Songs To Grow On," which isn't folk music at all.

The introduction to "American Folk Songs" explains that there is no "distinction here noted between recordings made in the field . . . and those made under studio conditions by professional artists." As a result, "American Folk Songs" lists such items as "Rodger Young," which isn't a folk song, "As I Was Going to Ballynure," which isn't American, and "The Lass with the Delicate Air," which is neither folk music nor American.

Let's hope that the next printing will correct these weaknesses. There is an important place for a publication of this sort, and the Library of Congress has the facilities, the prestige, and the good taste necessary for the task. Even in its present form "American Folk Songs" is well worth the support of folk music devotees. There is nothing like it currently available, and it may grow up into sturdy, mature fulfilment.

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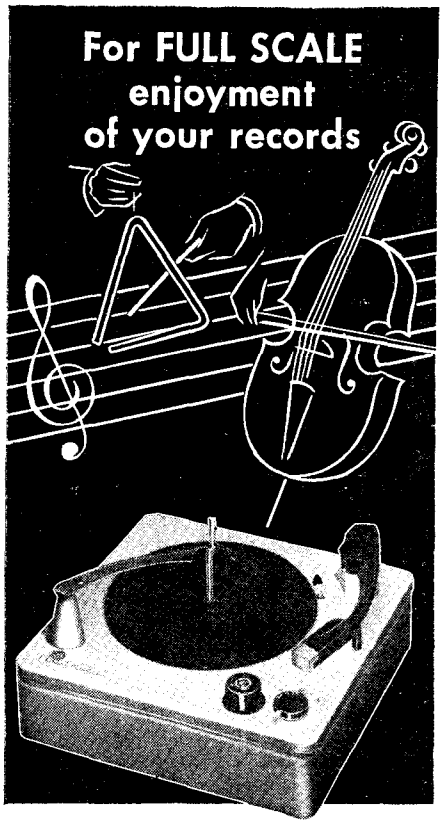

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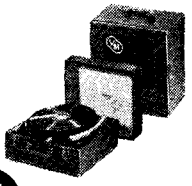

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The New Procrustean Bed

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THERE was an old highwayman of Attica whose unwilling guests were stretched or made shorter to fit an iron bed. This procedure has been finding a new application recently in the recording of operas for LP. One twelve-inch record can be sold at a relatively low price and will fit neatly into a simple cardboard envelope. So (the theory seems to be) let's record all the short operas that fit into the scheme as they are—and let's condense a lot of other operas to fit it too, librettists and composers having been bunglers who often wanted an opera to be longer than one twelve-inch LP! And let us not expend any of our short supply of loving care on the inferior works of great masters and the best works of lesser men. Instead, let us give them mediocre performances, preferably "edited" by wiser hands than their creators owned. Fill up the catalogues!

Among Handel's several dozen operas, "Rodelinda" was successfully produced in London in 1725, and has been revived in modern versions. The Germans in particular intermittently honor it because its reasonably moral plot appears to them a foreshadowing of that of "Fidelio." It has now been recorded in an unspecified version (Period SPL 589, $5.95), the resulting product being neither bad nor good. The castrato role of Grimoaldo, the villain, has been assigned to a very Teutonic tenor, who—like his colleagues—sings "questo" as though it were "qvesto." Soloists, chorus, and the Orchestra of Süddeutscher Rundfunk, conducted by Muller-Kray, supply no excitement of any sort. This recording can give only an entirely false impression of what a Handelian *opera seria* was when its style was alive and singers could sing it. The accompanying libretto leaflet says "Text by A. Salvi," an attribution to be accepted with salt. Modern scholarship is inclined to believe that Handel's friend Niccolò Haym adapted the text from one written by Stefano Ghigi for Carlo Francesco Pollarolo's opera "Flavio Bertarido" (1706).

—Bettmann Archive.

Rachmaninoff (1905)—"highly romantic, unmistakably Russian."

Pergolesi's "La Contadina Astuta," which is also known under an astonishing variety of other titles (notably "Livietta e Tracolo"), comes stale and unrewarding from a recording by the "Compagnia del Teatro dell'Opera Comica di Roma, Armida Senatra, director," the "Orchestra of Societa del Quartetto, Rome, Giuseppe Morelli, conductor," and two singers: Angelica Tuccari, soprano, as Scintilla, Andrea Mineo, baritone, as Don Tabarrano. Being silent mimes, the other two characters are not heard in the recording (Period SPL 592, $5.95). Greatly inferior to "La Serva Padrona," this pedestrian trifle will not likely be swept to opera house or concert stage by familiarity with so foggy a recording.

Altogether happier—in fact, a major rebirth—is a third Period recording (SPL 595, $5.95), that of a one-act opera by Rossini, here billed as "Il Cambio della Valigia," though it is referred to in all standard reference works as "L'Occasione fa il Ladro." Probably fired by the warmth of Rossini's wit and the tinder of his melody, a group of spirited soloists has joined the forces that recorded the Pergolesi in turning out a stylish and convincing performance. "L'Occasione fa il Ladro" was the twenty-year-old Rossini's seventh opera—the fifth of five operas staged in 1812! It could have been composed only by the man who would also be able, four years later, to compose "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and a year after that "La Cenerentola." It is lighted by charming melodies, original rhythms, and characterizing wit. All of the recording soloists can sing Rossini; Flavio Sacchi, tenor, as the hero, and Nestore Catalani, baritone, as the quasi-villain are excellent. Infected by the atmos-

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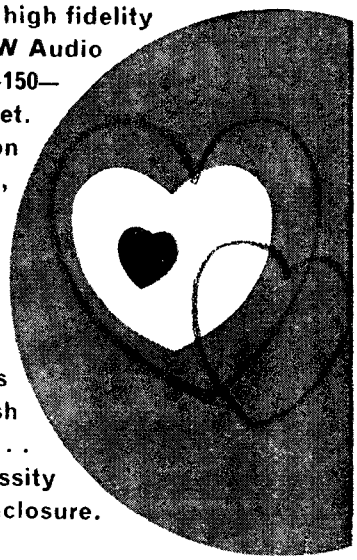
phere of an excellent performance, the Roman recording engineers have outdone themselves. The opera would supply a genuinely diverting reply to the eternal question: what should share a double bill with "Orfeo ed Euridice" or "Salome"?

LEAPING the decades, here is a recording of Mussorgsky's "The Marriage" (Oceanic OCS 36, $5.95). Familiar with the fact that Dargomizhsky had made an opera of Pushkin's "The Stone Guest" exactly as the poet published it, Mussorgsky started to deal with Gogol's "The Marriage" similarly, though the Pushkin text was verse, the Gogol prose. But he never advanced beyond the first act, which he left in piano score. The present version of that act has been orchestrated by Antoine Duhamel, and is sung in Russian with the Orchestra Radio-Symphonique de Paris, conducted by René Leibowitz. This portrait of a lazy, vain civil servant who approaches marriage uncertainly might be amusing on the stage. But without the action, at least in this orchestration and performance, it fails to amuse. The musical background (it is no more) is fragmentary. Not even frequent hints of "Boris Godunov" save it from breeding boredom.

Sergei Rachmaninoff was not at the age of nineteen (1892) so theory-ridden as to attempt setting Pushkin's poem "The Gypsies" as an opera. Instead, he set a singable one-act libretto—"Aleko"—derived from "The Gypsies" by Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko. The text overlooks the philosophical import of Pushkin's poem, but it supplies good theatre. In the Concert Hall Society recording (CHS-1309, $5.95), "Aleko" as performed by Bolshoi Theatre soloists, chorus, and symphony orchestra, Nikolai Golovanov conductor, is highly romantic, unmistakably Russian, and charmingly persuasive. The musical style hovers somewhere between Tchaikovsky and Borodin, the latter influence suggesting that Rachmaninoff's familiar resistance to the nationalist tenets of the Five was a later development.

Such purely orchestral stretches as the several dances and an intermezzo could be mistaken for pure Borodin and much of the vocal line would fit alternately into "Pique Dame" and "Prince Igor." Two of the soloists are notably excellent: Ivan Petrov, baritone, as the unhappy Aleko, and Anatoly Orfenov, tenor, as the young gypsy whose love affair with Aleko's wife brings on the gore-splattered tragedy. The recording, though not good by non-Soviet standards, is listenable.

Burton browne, advertising



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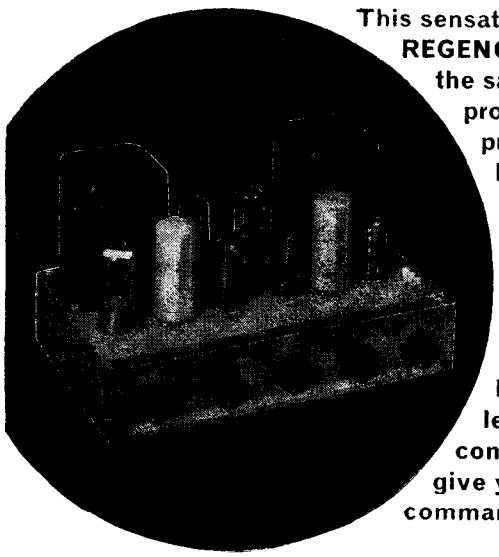

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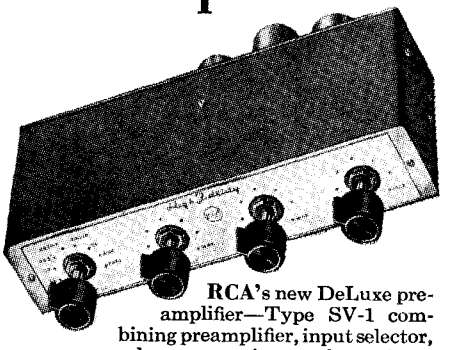

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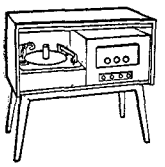

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SPOTLIGHT ON THE MODERNS

Harrison, Weber, Foss, and Other Americana

RCA VICTOR has made a timely coupling on a current LP of works by the two composers who represented our country in April at the international competition in Rome (LM 1785, $5.72). Their names, Lou Harrison and Ben Weber, will very likely be new to most record collectors. Until this release, Weber was not listed in the catalogue at all, since his only work on LP had been a cello piece in one of those "miscellaneous collections" that are not itemized. Harrison, for his part, could claim but a single listing that dated back to early 1953.

The sudden emergence of these composers into the spotlight of a much-publicized festival and an RCA Victor recording from what was, outside of New York's limited modern music circles, a fairly obscure position, would seem to call for some explanation. I am not quite sure what it is.

Among our less established composers they do not stand so much apart—either for individuality or musical strength—that they would seem to warrant these favors more than the others. Perhaps they were just fortunate. I suppose we may consider ourselves, to some extent, fortunate too. For if several other composers are just as worthy of these favors as Harrison and Weber, and some even more so, there are also many rampant today who do not approach these two in sensitivity and sincerity of musical workmanship.

Lukas Foss—"an enormous control."

Both works, in being scored for rather unpredictable combinations of about ten instruments, are made to order for Stokowski, who conducts them. They rely precisely on those tenuous and delicate sonorities that he is so skilful in reproducing. The allusions to gamelons and other orientalisms in Harrison's Suite lend themselves particularly well to the Stokowski treatment. Special recording techniques obviously supplemented the luminous timbres he elicited from the players. The music itself is thin for extended listening. The ostinatos, effective as they are in underpinning exotic dance are to a legitimate, developed musical composition what a wallpaper with repeated pattern is to a painting. Agreeable though the sounds are at all times, the total effect is of a dehydrated French impressionism.

In exploding twelve-tone devices Weber's music is understandably denser than Harrison's and, at its best, capable of giving more lasting pleasure. His "Symphony on Poems by William Blake" is, however, the mildest, blandest twelve-tone music to be found anywhere today. The least adventurous listener will not be discouraged away. Its major weakness is lack of direction or shape. For example, in the setting for tenor voice of "To Autumn" he does nothing to differentiate the phrase, "Thus sang the jolly Autumn," from the quoted words of Autumn's song. Atonal music in general, it is true, presents grave problems where variety is concerned. But these are the problems for which we are challenged today to find solutions.

WHEN we turn from Weber and Harrison to another of our younger American composers, Lukas Foss, we are struck at once by his sheer grasp of musical resources. What he has set for himself as a goal comes much closer, in its own way, than theirs to the fulness and breadth of the great contrapuntal masterpieces of the past. It is sad, however, that this goal looms as a kind of menacing shadow to dwarf him. "A Parable of Death" for narrator, tenor, chorus, and orchestra, based on Rilke, left me with the memory of many passages that had considerable beauty and warmth

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(Columbia ML 4859, $5.95). Foss seems, with this work, to have developed an enormous control over the notes, so that everything is clear, integrated, and in good taste. This is remarkable progress in his own evolution. There is, too, a remarkable professional finish in the timing and interweaving of the various constituents: the spoken part (presented by Lorina), tenor voice (Farrold Stevens), chorus, and orchestra. But his feet are squarely planted on the ground in a solemn pose that has all too often been assumed in just this way by Bach, Stravinsky, and Hindemith. The listener is overconscious of the grandiose aims.

A Louisville commission, the work was recorded by the orchestra of that city under the direction of Robert Whitney. The performance, especially the singing of the chorus, shows signs of effort. The orchestra seemed to have let itself go a little more in two further commissions on the other side, Martinu's bracing "Intermezzo" and Milhaud's diverting "Kentuckiana." I should like to register a complaint to Columbia for conveying the impression that it considered Foss's name of so little consequence as to have no qualms in printing it on the sleeve in dark blue that renders it quite illegible a few feet away.

Other American orchestral works on the current list are not nearly so distinguished as the three already mentioned. They are grouped on a single LP under the rubric "American Life" (Spa LP 47, $5.95), and they belong, almost without exception, to a vintage of Americana bordering on slick Hollywood scores. Alex North's "Holiday Set" would be eligible for the most praise, were it not for his unabashed borrowing from Copland. It is thus Henry Cowell who runs off with chief honors, though his contribution is much the shortest, "Saturday Night at the Firehouse." It is in the familiar style of country dance that is so close to his heart—a frank, perceptive document of an American folk heritage. George Antheil, Frederick Jacobi, and Elie Siegmeister are the other composers whose music is included on this recording. F. Charles Adler conducts the Vienna Philharmonia, such as it is.

POULENC once remarked that the concerto was for him a kind of divertimento to amuse an audience by means of both virtuosity and the light character of the music. Though profound concertos have been written, history bears out this theory with many examples, and in our time it still seems to have devotees. The highly serviceable Second Concerto of Jacques de Menasce (Vanguard 442, $5.95) is quite obviously in this class, and so also is the more familiar one of Shostakovich (Capitol P-8230, $5.70, and M-G-M 3079, $4.85). De Menasce is an accomplished pianist, as demonstrated both by his playing (the Vienna State Opera Orchestra is under Edmond Appia's direction) and his adroit writing for the keyboard. A member of the international set, he draws inevitably on several national styles. An urbane Parisian manner assumes new character in the company of a Bartókian ruggedness. The orchestration is rather conventional and lacking in the elegance of the keyboard writing. I find the more recent manner of his Piano Suite on the reverse side more distinguished and, in the way it uses fourths, more personal. The Shostakovich of the Concerto is not the grandiose figure of the later symphonies, and it is in many ways a more congenial Shostakovich, who also draws on French style—even to the circus manner of the finale. But this sort of thing may easily be overdone, and Shostakovich, by returning to his main theme too much, does try the patience.

It is not easy to choose between Victor Aller's performance for Capitol and Menahem Pressler's for M-G-M. Both are of good quality, and the Capitol LP, which also contains Hindemith's "Four Temperaments," serves to call our attention to a California pianist of considerable ability who is little known in the East.

—ARTHUR BERGER.

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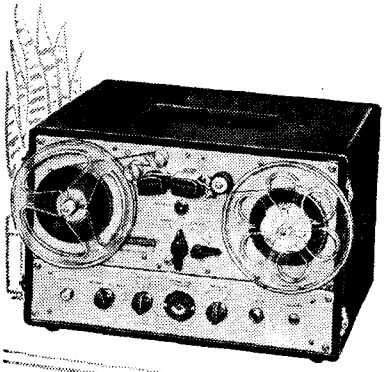

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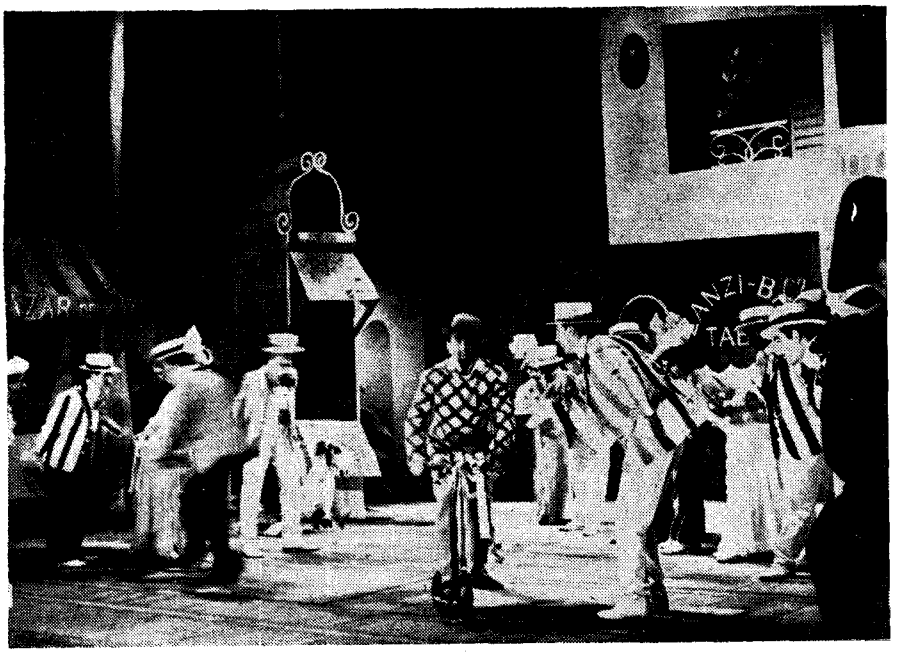
WHATEVER else may be said of Francis Poulenc, his music is singable. At one time, say seventy-five years ago, that attribute would have occasioned no particular comment: the ability to write knowingly for the human voice was considered part of the composer's stock-in-trade. Alas, it is so no longer. Messrs. Schoenberg, Stravinsky, and Hindemith, for all their undeniable achievements, do not write music that flatters the voice. Mr. Poulenc does. His opera bouffa "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," which comes to us from Paris by way of Angel Records (LP 35090, $5.95), provides a full hour of melody that lies magnificently in the voice. In this sense the work follows directly in the tradition of Massenet, Offenbach, and Puccini. And that, I suspect, is something of an achievement too.

"Les Mamelles" is set to a play written in 1903 by Guillaume Apollinaire, who coined the word "surrealist" to describe his drama and who pointed his moral—the necessity for an increase in the French birth rate—by the most fanciful and bizarre literary means. Poulenc describes it aptly as a "buffoonery with no other logic than caprice." Unfortunately, operagoers are staid folk with little taste for saucy irrelevance (witness the neglect of "Così" over the past 150 years compared to "Figaro") and there is little chance of "Les Mamelles" entering the standard repertoire. Indeed, its first performances at the Opéra-Comique in 1947 were played to the unfriendly titters of an audience that had come primarily to hear "La Bohème" or "Les Pêcheurs de perles" (the works with which Poulenc's short opera was paired).

But even those who might be put off in the theatre by the libretto's impertinences will find the work on records hard to resist. Apollinaire's fancy stimulated Poulenc to his kaleidoscopic best, and it is permissible to disregard the text and revel merely in the frothy melodies it evoked—the rolling periods of The Manager's introduction, the rollickingly tipsy duet between Presto and Lacouf, the grand finale with its touching undercurrent of melancholy, to single out a few of the high spots. The forces of the Opéra-Comique under André Cluytens, with Denise Duval and Jean Giraudeau in the two main parts, perform with the zip "Les Mamelles" requires, and the reproduction is all it should be.

One of my first phonographic acquisitions was a twelve-inch Germar Homochord disc, found on a bargain table, of the Debussy "Arabesques" played by Walter Gieseking, and from the time of that chance encounter I have held strongly to the opinion that in the music of Debussy this



"Les Mamelles" at the Opéra-Comique—"Poulenc [at] his kaleidoscopic best."

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pianist could do no wrong. But I did not suspect, back in the mid-Thirties, that Gieseking's pianism would ever be recorded with the extraordinary fidelity of his most recent work on the Angel label. The two "Arabesques" are back again, along with thirteen other piano pieces mostly from Debussy's youth (Angel 35026, $5.95), and the magic is more compelling than ever. Listening to Gieseking as he applies himself to the "Danse" of 1890 or the tongue-in-cheek waltz "La plus que lente," it becomes clear that for him "lesser" Debussy involves no lessening of musical imagination or pianistic control.

I suppose it is superfluous to add further praise of Gieseking's interpretation of the Preludes, Book I, which he has now recorded for the third time (Angel 35066, $5.95), to dilate on the chiaroscuro shadings in the chord attacks of "Danseuses de Delphes," the flashing sparkle of "Les Collines d'Anacapri," the deceptively simple "La Fille aux cheveux de lin" in which phrases are so inevitably linked together, the startling dynamic effects of "Ce qu'a vu le vent d'ouest," the darting hide-and-seek of "La Danse de Puck." But never have these justly celebrated characteristics of Gieseking's playing been captured so realistically. Indeed, these recordings —made last summer in London—are so outstanding that I regret all the more a degree of surface noise which seemed (in my copy, at least) more than normally intrusive.

THE incidental music to "Pelléas et Melisande" by Fauré is so immediately ingratiating that almost any performance of it is bound to please. So I suppose that the pleasure I derived from the Gaston Poulet-London Symphony recording (M-G-M E 3116, $4.85) carries little critical weight. The reverse side includes Ravel's "Alborado del Gracioso" in an interpretation offering no competition to Ansermet's. The third Fauré Requiem to appear this year (Epic LC 3044, $5.95) involves the Lamoureux Orchestra, Elisabeth Brasseur Choir, Pierette Alarie, soprano, Camille Maurane, baritone, and the conductor Jean Fournet. It is a good example of the Philips "wow 'em" recording technique, especially in those spots where the sopranos soar high above the stave while the organ drones far below it. But I find the performance a trifle stodgy compared to the Cluytens (on Angel).

Anyone who insists on having Saint-Saëns' four symphonic poems on one LP may find satisfaction in the performances by the Colonne Orchestra under Louis Fourestier (Angel 35058, $5.95). Others will find more excitement in Toscanini's "Danse Macabre" and more sinuous charm in Beecham's "Rouet d'Omphale." Unfavorable comparisons must also be evoked in connection with another Angel issue devoted to incidental music by Bizet (the two "L'Arlèsienne" and the "Jolie Fille de Perth" Suites. LP 35048. $5.95). André Cluytens and the Orchestra Nationale de la Radiodiffusion Française provide brightly competent performances of this music, but the imaginative accentuation and deft rhythmical sense of a Beecham are missing.

One region that has been left relatively unexplored in the LP bonanza is the post-Berlioz generation of French composers. Stradivari Records deserve praise for delving into this territory, though the works they have chosen are scarcely representative. Lalo's Quartet in E flat is a strenuous piece replete with late Beethoven derivations, a product of his early thirties that shows little evidence of this composer's later instrumental mastery. Gounod's Quartet No. 3 has a more personal flavor, but its undistinguished construction is woefully obvious. They are played (also a string quartet by Donizetti dated 1817) by the Parrenin Quartet (LP 618, $5.95). —ROLAND GELATT.

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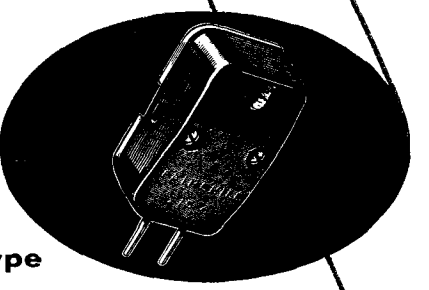

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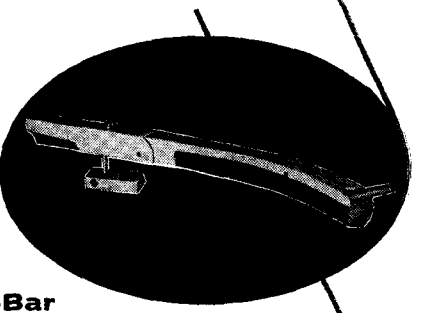

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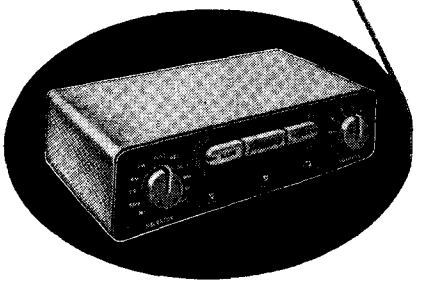

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THE jazz discs continue to arrive at flood level, and now there are indications that the clarinet may "return" as a major jazz instrument. Since the golden era of Goodman and Shaw no new clarinetist has been able to ignite mass enthusiasm—though in jazz terms there have been some good ones.

The best-known may be heard at his phonographic best in THE MUSIC OF BUDDY DE FRANCO (Norgran MGN-3), issued by jazz impresario Norman Granz. For the most part this is pretty exciting stuff—fast, fiery, and extremely facile—especially in an up-tempo version of Gershwin's "But Not for Me." De Franco's big deficiency is one common to the modern school, and it's painfully apparent in the one slow ballad—"The Things We Did Last Summer"; this is the absence of an expansive, warm sound.

If the clarinet is to make a real comeback I believe the instigator will be one Tony Scott, whose representative work is only now appearing on records. Although Scott too is a dazzling technician, with a remarkable ear for harmonic changes, his new single release couples two very slow ballads, "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Goodbye" (Brunswick 80242.) The latter, long identified as Benny's closing theme, is rendered straight and creates a fine lonely mood. In the former, Scott and his pianist Dick Katz team for what could become one of the classic interpretations in jazz. Particularly arresting is the clarinetist's subtle change-over from a breathy, intimate lower register to a crystal-clear, singing upper range.

In both Scott and De Franco one frequently detects a Charlie Parker influence, and in Scott more than a trace of Ben Webster's melodic flair. But the basic influence in any modern clarinetist would have to be Goodman himself, though in recent years he hasn't bothered to give the boys anything new or stimulating. Goodman's harmonic changes, by today's standards, are quite elementary, but his rich tone and even technique, his full phrases and generative drive remain the models. For several years, in the late Forties, Benny quite obviously was attracted by the passing parade of modernism and reacted by relaxing his usually impeccable standards. The result was a series of comparatively dull discs for Capitol, marred by carelessness in his own playing and in the selection of his supporting casts. But this astute label has come upon one Goodman plum, now packaged in a new Extended Play (45) release, TWO FOR THE RECORD (Capitol EAP-519). The "Two" are "All the Cats Join In"—a big band romp—and the old BG specialty "After You've Gone," with a chamber group of four including the wonderful Teddy Wilson on piano, Cozy Cole on drums, and Sid Weiss on bass. In this distinguished company Benny achieves top form—clean, fluent, and unself-conscious. These selections have been recorded directly from the sound track of a Walt Disney cartoon short and originally served in a full-length film, "Make Mine Music."

Buddy De Franco and Tony Scott—"the clarinet may 'return'."

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For several months back in 1947-8 a handsome young Swede, Stan Hasselgard, was being touted as Goodman's heir apparent, but this promising career was cut short by an automobile crash. When Stan arrived in the States he was in the classic clarinet mold, but several months in the vicinity of 52nd Street brought him around swiftly to a more modernist bent. In December of 1947 he recorded one session, four sides, for Capitol which, according to several of his erstwhile colleagues, caught him at his very best. These are available now on Extended Play, STAN HASSELGARD (Capitol EAP 1-466). In "I'll Never Be the Same" and "Who Sleeps" Stan revealed a beautiful tone and a broad melodic line.

Capitol's Classics in Jazz series offers an important milestone in MILES DAVIS (Cap. H 459). Davis may be the most lyrical trumpeter developed by the bop movement, but in addition he was a prime mover in the evolution of "progressive" ensemble jazz as espoused today by the Mulligans, Brubecks, etc. Mulligan, along with Gil Evans, was in fact one of Davis's collaborators in these sides, recorded in 1949 and 1950. The instrumentation included trumpet (Miles), trombone, French horn, tuba, alto sax, baritone sax (Mulligan), piano, bass, and drums. This blend of polyphony, block harmonies, and integrated solos is at all times cool, delicate, and intricate; one gets a picture of musicians wearing sneakers. The most interesting selection to these ears was "Jeru," at medium jump tempo, featuring an especially pretty solo by Miles.

In similar spirit is one side of an LP, THE ARTISTRY OF STAN GETZ (Clef MGC-143). This grouping contains arrangements by a newcomer, young Bob Brookmeyer, who also plays some excellent trombone. (The other side features Getz's sax solos with rhythm accompaniment only.) Brookmeyer's originals, "Cool Mix," "Rustic Hop," and "Erudition," are much more than mere modernist riffs. They're actually melodies, original in style, and they exert a positive stimulative effect on the participants. Getz's tenor and Brookmeyer's trombone are particularly relaxed and interesting in these settings.

At the opposite pole from these subtle expressions is a release from the same company featuring the LIONEL HAMPTON QUARTET (Clef MGC-611). The principal here is a head-on, swingin' powerhouse from jazz's middle period, and Clef has managed to track his best discs in many years. Hampton, the vibraphonist, is back in a chamber group of the type that evoked his great discs in the past. —BILL SIMON.

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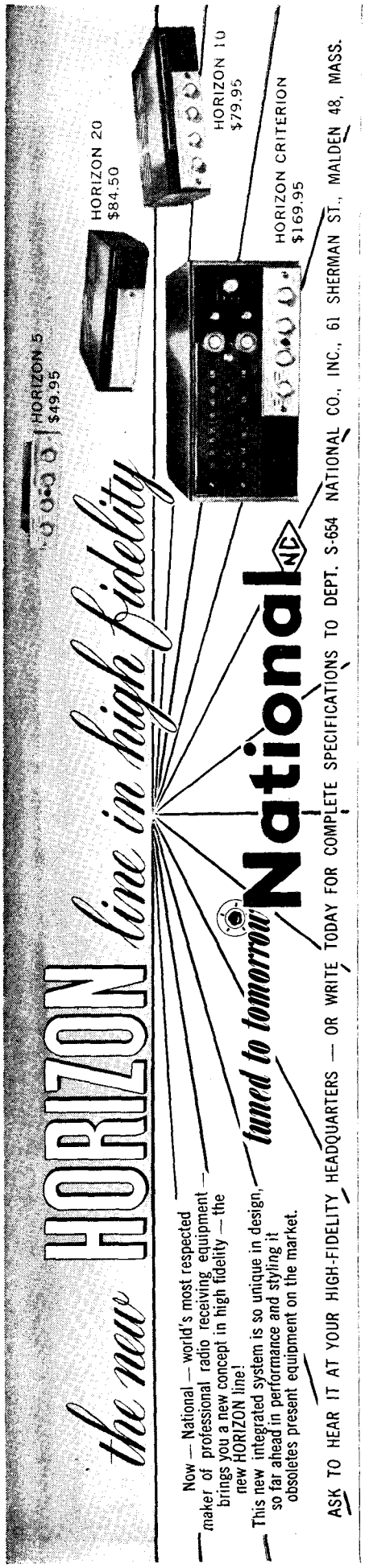
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THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

HMV's long awaited "Fidelio" has at last arrived, but I must report that it is, on the whole, sadly disappointing. To begin with, any suggestion of a real performance is destroyed by the omission of all the dialogue save for a scene in the dungeon and the few lines of Jaquino and Rocco after the second fanfare. As a result, a good deal of the dramatic and emotional impact of the incomparable music is lost. Yet room was found for the inclusion, between the two scenes of Act II, of the "Leonore No. 3" Overture! I have always regarded its use in the theatre as highly questionable; in a recording it seems utterly unjustified, and I can only ascribe it to the egotism of the conductor, Dr. Furtwängler. His handling of the score is, of course, never less than distinguished, but many of the tempi are unduly slow, while his habit of lingering over details and thus retarding the flow of the music often irritates. Martha Mödl and Wolfgang Windgassen, as Leonore and Florestan, sing with considerable fervor, but both have some difficulties with the high tessitura of the parts and their voices show signs of fatigue. The outstanding member of the cast is undoubtedly Sena Jurinac, an exquisite Marzelline. Otto Edelmann's Pizarro is hardly sinister enough (he would have been better cast as Fernando, whose music is not particularly well sung by Poell), while Gottlob Frick is a rather average Rocco. Needless to say, the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Philharmonic are superb. The recording, on three twelve-inch discs, is rather variable—at its best excellent, but with a number of rough and muddy patches.

Apart from "Fidelio," the latest HMV lists include two Beethoven symphonies—No. 2 played by the ABC Sydney Orchestra under Eugene Goossens (a friendly performance, this, but hardly of "world class") and Toscanini's new "Pastoral"; an outstanding Schumann Fourth from Cantelli and the Philharmonia; and a highly colored Sibelius No. 2 conducted by Barbirolli. The Virtuosi di Roma, who last month once more enchanted English audiences both at Glyndebourne and at the Royal Festival Hall, bring their matchless style to bear on an Oboe Concerto and a Violin Concerto by Vivaldi, while vocal contributions come from Fischer-Dieskau and Kirsten Flagstad, both of them accompanied by the admirable Gerald Moore. Each of these recitals is devoted to a single composer; the German baritone sings sixteen songs by Hugo Wolf (mainly settings of poems by Goethe), while Flagstad breaks new ground by presenting twenty-two songs by the Scandinavian composer Dørumsgaard (known to us hitherto only as an arranger of seventeenth-century monodies).

In the world of music we do not often come across a father and son who attain equal eminence, but when young Igor Oistrakh performed the Violin Concertos of Beethoven and Khachaturian at the Royal Albert Hall last winter it was plain that he might soon rival his illustrious father as Russia's leading violin virtuoso. During his short stay in London, Oistrakh Jr. recorded the Khachaturian with Eugene Goossens and the Philharmonic and this splendid disc is now issued by Columbia. The same company presents yet another version of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony—Karajan and the Philharmonia—which makes this the most frequently recorded composition on LP to date (eight of the nine versions available in England have actually appeared since the beginning of last year!).

An issue which is rather less likely to be duplicated features two works by British composers, both of them written for and performed by Larry Adler, the celebrated American harmonica virtuoso now living in England. Arthur Benjamin's Concerto for Harmonica and Orchestra is a perky little work in three short movements which enables Mr. Adler to display his remarkable skill, while Vaughan Williams's Romance, already familiar on SP, is more concerned with coloristic effects.

Since Kathleen Ferrier's untimely death public demand for her records has been phenomenal and Decca is reissuing many of her SP performances on LP. It cannot be denied however, that some of these do less than justice to a great singer and serve to remind us how astonishingly she matured during the last five or six years of her life. The latest reissue a slightly cut "dubbing" of the abridged Glyndebourne "Orfeo" of 1947, is a case in point. Despite some lovely singing, her performance here was but a pale foreshadowing of her

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last appearances in this part at Covent Garden. In view of this it is welcome news that Decca will be able to augment its own repertoire with certain BBC recordings, particularly if some of these should turn out to be of fairly recent date.

Current orchestral FFRR releases include "Aus Italien," the earliest of Richard Strauss's tone poems, beautifully performed by the late Clemens Krauss and the Vienna Philharmonic. Strauss was only twenty-three when he composed this work, but the style is already unmistakable and the orchestral skill truly astonishing. Two of Ansermet's Stravinsky performances, the "Fire Bird" Suite and the "Symphony of Psalms," previously issued on separate ten-inch discs, now appear together on one twelve-inch disc. The "Fire Bird" recording sounds even better than before, but the Symphony still clearly betrays its 78-rpm origins and it is difficult to understand why Decca could not have replaced it with an entirely new version. From Paris comes a glittering disc of Spanish music which should delight hi-fi enthusiasts: Albéniz's "Iberia" (in the familiar orchestration by Arbós) and Turina's "Danzas Fantásticas," superbly played by the Conservatoire Orchestra under Ataulfo Argenta.

BACKHAUS's progress through the piano sonatas of Beethoven has made rapid headway of late with three further discs, containing respectively Opus 2, No. 1, Opus 81a, and Opus 90; Opus 2, No. 2, and Opus 22; Opus 13, Opus 14, No. 1, and Opus 28. Whilst admitting that Backhaus, at the age of seventy, still shows remarkable prowess, I regret that I find most of these performances singularly insensitive when compared to those of a master like the late Artur Schnabel. Tonally, too, these recordings are rather hard and shallow by Decca's best standards.

Really first-rate organ recordings are still few and far between, but in Geneva's Victoria Hall, Decca has found an organ which takes to microgrooves as a duck takes to water. Jeanne Demessieux's Bach performances may not win the unqualified approval of the purists, but her brilliant virtuosity and imaginative registration prove that it is possible to achieve real clarity of texture even on an instrument of non-Baroque type. Her latest disc contains the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue in C, the Prelude and Fugue in A minor, the Fugue in G (à la gigue) and three Chorale-Preludes. For sheer purity of sound I have never heard a recording to equal this.

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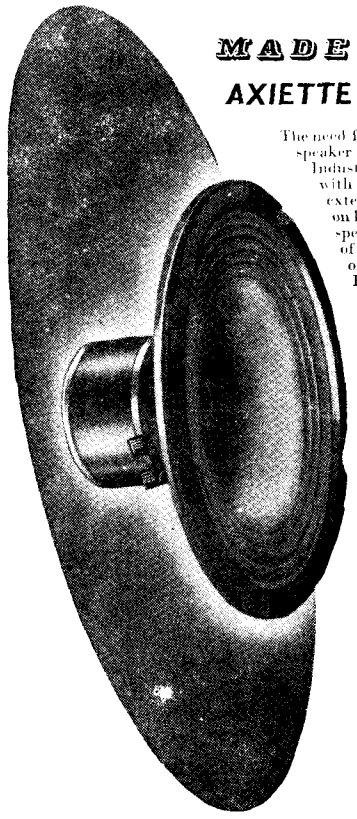

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nothing to the passions aroused, both pro and contra, by the national instrument of the Scots: the bagpipes. While my own knowledge of this strange monster is somewhat limited, I am assured on the highest authority that Decca's LP disc entitled "Highland Bagpipes"—traditional tunes played by Seumas MacNeill (Joint Principal of the Glasgow College of Piping)—is really terrific, and I gladly pass on this information to all Scotsmen-in-exile.

AFTER a gap of some months a new consignment of Supraphon records has arrived from Czechoslovakia for distribution in this country. They are imported into Britain in a completely finished and packaged state, whereas all the other LP discs on the British market are at least pressed here. What comes from Prague is an odd mixture of highly desirable fare interspersed with issues that would appear to be doomed from the very start. Who, for example, would wish to buy a second-rate performance of Beethoven's Ninth (Abendroth, with Leipzig Radio Orchestra and Chorus) which is poorly recorded on three ten-inch discs, with the "Fidelio" and "Egmont" Overtures as fill-up, when they can have fine recordings by Kleiber or Toscanini at less cost? Nor, I fancy, shall we see a great rush to the shops for "Czechoslovak Polka," by one Václav Dobiás. This is described as "A Peace Cantata" and, according to the notes on the cover, its subtitle, "Build your country, strengthen peace!" is typical of Dobiás's ideological approach. The music is just what might have been expected, a pale reflection of nineteenth-century Czech music tinged with a suggestion of Khachaturian.

To realize just how synthetic Mr. Dobiás's music is we have only to turn to the latest Dvořák and Smetana issues. "The Bartered Bride" has long been one of my special favorites and the recording, by soloists, chorus, and orchestra (presumably the same performance published in the States by Urania), is the first we have had of this endearing opera. Despite the fact that most of the singing is only of average quality and that, to Western ears, Czech is not the most mellifluous of languages, the performance is highly enjoyable and the set, which has been eagerly awaited by many discophiles, should prove very popular. Dvořák is represented by his D minor Symphony, played with great spirit by the Czech Philharmonic under Karel Sejna, and by the popular "Dumky" Trio. The latter receives an irresistible performance from the Czech Trio (Messrs. Plocek, Sádlo, and Pálenícek), who capture the ever-changing moods of this music in a way which is surely quite beyond the reach of any "mere foreigner."

Another Supraphon disc brings us Beethoven's Horn Sonata, Opus 17, coupled with a fascinating novelty, the Sonate in F-sharp minor, Opus 61 ("Elégie harmonique") by J. L. Dusík (or Dussek). This music bears a marked resemblance to middle-period Beethoven, with which it is contemporary, and is well worth reviving, especially when it is given so fine a performance as here by Otakar Vondrovic. Most enjoyable, too, is a Mozart coupling which offers the delectable Bassoon Concerto (K. 191) together with the Wind Serenade in E flat (K. 375). Czech wind playing has a refreshing vigor which is much to my liking, and in the concerto we are treated to a superb display of skill and musicianship from Karel Bidlo.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

* * *

VIENNA.

SPRING in Vienna this year has meant a long stretch of wet weather, but it has not deterred recording companies from fulfiling their commitments. Philips is continuing to build up a formidable catalogue and has brought out, among other things, the Benevoli "Mass for the Consecration of the Salzburg Cathedral," which was recorded two years ago at the ISCM Salzburg Festival. Its new plans stagger the imagination. They have coolly announced that they intend to record *all* the works of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, from K. 1 to K. 626, and have engaged the leading Mozart scholar, Dr. Bernhard Paumgartner, director of the Mozarteum at Salzburg, to supervise the gigantic plan from a musicological standpoint. The other day I saw Dr. Paumgartner busily copying out the first version of the slow movement from the "Paris" Symphony (D major, K. 297), a copy of which is preserved in the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde.

Philips has also announced its intention of recording nearly all the works of the Strauss dynasty and has chosen the Viennese Strauss expert Dr. Fritz Racek to prepare the scores. Since many of Johann Strauss's finest works are preserved only in a piano reduction, Dr. Racek is having his problems restoring a correct orchestral version for recording; in many cases, the original scoring just cannot be found. Recently Philips engineers taped a beautiful and little-known "Salve Regina" by Handel, for soprano, obbligato organ, and small orchestra; Paul Sacher conducted, Hilde Zadek was the soprano, and Anton Heiller played the organ part on a

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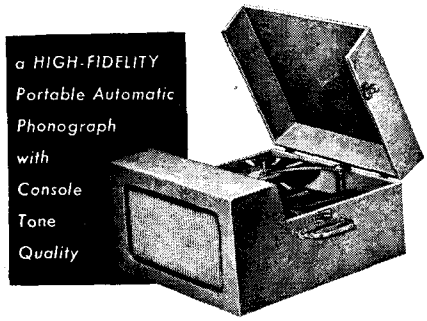

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seventeenth-century Positiv, or portable organ without pedals (which are not required in Handel's score). Heiller's complete Bach Organ Works series, incidentally, begun some years ago in Switzerland, has been taken over by Philips and will be continued.

Vanguard has been making some excellent tapes with the conductor Mario Rossi, who has recorded Prokofiev's "Alexander Nevsky," a batch of Rossini overtures, and two works by Stravinsky, "L'Histoire de Soldat" and "Les Noces." The sound that Vanguard has captured on these tapes is startlingly realistic. For the Bach Guild, Vanguard is in the midst of a complete set of "Brandenburg" Concertos, conducted by Felix Prohaska. As I write, they have completed a stunning No. 5 (Anton Heiller, harpsichord) and convincing Nos. 3 and 4, the latter with recorders, as required by the score. The Viennese treatment is quite different from the leisurely paced Wöldike performances. In some instances I think the Viennese have captured more of the excitement inherent in these scores (e.g., the cadenza of the Fifth), while in others the quiet, intimate treatment of the Copenhagen HMV records seems more appropriate (e.g., the slow movement of the Fourth). One particular feature of the Prohaska tapes deserves praise: the improvised harpsichord cadenza played by Heiller between the two movements of the Third, which touches the whole "circle of tonality," as it is called, ending with the Lydian cadence notated by Bach himself.

Vanguard has made another set of records that will certainly cause comment when released. They have engaged the English counter-tenor Alfred Deller, who sings in falsetto with a beauty and purity of tone that has to be heard to be believed. Vanguard has made two twelve-inch LP's of Elizabethan music for voice and lute, alternating with music for "A Chest of Viols," played by a young group of gamba players here who specialize in music of this era. One of the gamba players is Gustav Leonhardt, a leading expert on harpsichord and organ music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and an expert keyboard player.

George Eskdale, first trumpeter of the London Symphony and famous for his old Columbia recording of the Haydn Trumpet Concerto, has just recorded it again for Vanguard with Franz Litschauer as conductor. With it will be a crisp, delicate performance of Haydn's Harpsichord Concerto in D major (c. 1784), played by Erna Heiller, wife of Anton, also conducted by Litschauer.

—H. C. Robbins Landon.

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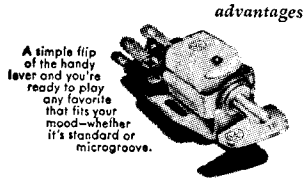

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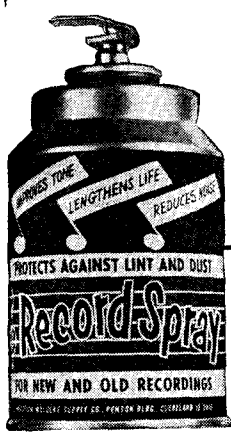

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

SCHERCHEN'S "MESSIAH"

THE REASON THAT "But who may abide" was sung by the contralto in Scherchen's recording of "Messiah," which Irving Kolodin finds hard to understand [*SR* Apr. 24], is that the version presented (Handel's third version of this number, by the way) was written for a male alto. Further, Julian Herbage states in his "Messiah" book: "There is no evidence to show that a bass ever sang this version, the one we know today, in Handel's time." It may be, as you say, that the words seem more appropriate to a masculine voice. Nevertheless, Scherchen's contralto sings this music with more fire than I have ever heard from a bass voice.

Westminster notwithstanding, the recording is not based on the original performance of 1742. The third version of "But who may abide" was written for the male alto Guadagni in 1748, along with other major changes in the oratorio which have remained. The Dublin premiere featured, for instance, "How beautiful are the feet" as an alto duet, and included a chorus, "Break forth into joy," which Handel later discarded and replaced with "Their sound is gone out." Scherchen uses the later version in each case. It is apparent that the subtitle "Based on the original Dublin performance" was devised by Westminster as a good way of announcing an "original" "Messiah," as distinguished from just another presentation of the "traditional" version of Mozart *et al.* A more accurate subtitle would have been: "Based on the revisions made by Handel himself."

JACK DIETHER.

Hollywood, Calif.

THREATENED DEMISE OF FM

IT IS SOMEWHAT IRONIC that mourning for Major Armstrong should coincide with powerful attempts to destroy his favorite invention, frequency modulation broadcasting.

The apparent shortage of VHF television channels has inspired some operators to petition the Federal Communications Commission to re-allocate the FM band as three additional television channels. The specious argument supporting this demand is that only a small minority makes up the FM audience. This minority is contrasted with the supposed millions whose happiness depends on the existence of three more channels.

It is true that wrestling fans outnumber those who use FM for the reception of high-quality program material, primarily classical music. However, the minority is not so small as is claimed. Further, since when are the rights of any minority to be so thoughtlessly ridden over?

Despite the excellent case that can be made for the retention of the FM band (the 700 stations now operating, the growing interest in classical music, the flourishing condition of the high-fidelity business), the opponents of FM are dangerously near to victory.

Curiously enough, the FM audience, which is composed of the most articulate stratum of our society, is fatally inarticulate in the support of its medium. FM stations sometimes struggle along seemingly without listeners and discover that they have a numerous and faithful audience only when about to close up.

If all the people who depend on and glory in the greater faithfulness of FM sound and the greater maturity of FM programs were for once to wake up and make their numbers felt, perhaps the threatened demise of this medium might be averted.

Those who feel that FM deserves their support should write at once to the FCC and to Senator Charles Potter of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee.

LOUIS T. MILIC.

Bozeman, Mont.

TOSCANINI, BRAHMS, AND CARDUS

I THINK THAT William Ralston was right when he said [LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR* April 24] that Neville Cardus is more impressed by his own opinion of the music [the Brahms symphonies, conducted by Toscanini] than by the music itself. . . .

The Toscanini treatment of Brahms is so far from customary that I think it is a crime to say, in commenting, that Toscanini is greater as a formalist than as a poet. I am more than a little outraged in reading such a declaration. I can think that Toscanini is everything, but never a formalist. He seems to me the only one musician who has the courage to put away a few things called routine, formulas, standard, tradition, etc. He can rediscover all the freshness and the poetry in the original score, which he conducts for the hundredth time. That makes his greatness as a musician as much as a poet.

JEAN SIMARD.

Quebec, Canada.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Formula" is as far from "formalist" as a rowboat from a robot. Cardus chose his word well, even if the correspondent doubts wisely, and did not accuse Toscanini of "routine."*

THE VERSATILE MISS CAMPHAUSEN

EDWARD CUSHING in his account of the stolen "Ring" [*SR* April 10] mentions that the Allegro recordings under consideration are credited as being performed by "Soloists, Choir and Orchestra of the Dresden State Opera, Conductor Fritz Schreiber" and asks, parenthetically, "Who is Fritz Schreiber?" To anyone familiar with the operatic catalogue of Allegro, Fritz Schreiber can be identified as a fiction of the manufacturer, shared with Royale records, and classifiable with such conductors as Gerd Rubahn, Herbert Wentzel, and Karl List.

The question of who is pulling whose

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leg is not confined to the complete "Ring" recording but is applicable to almost all the operatic catalogue of Allegro and Royale. If one were to take the envelope credits at face value, Royale has one of the most versatile sopranos around today. She is Inge Camphausen, who may be heard on Royale 1284 as both Rosalinde and Adele in excerpts from "Die Fledermaus" (blithely labeled as "Complete Score"), on Royale 1411 as Rosina and Mathilde in bleeding bits from "The Barber" and "William Tell," on Royale 1355 as Lady Harriet in a most curious disc announced as "Martha—Excerpts" (which devotes three of its nine bands to recognizable Flotow and the other six to light opera music from an unidentified source), on Royale 1409 as Lady Macbeth in excerpts from Verdi's opera. Miss Camphausen is usually associated with a tenor variably billed as either Wilhelm Horst or Horst Wilhelm, and with a baritone consistently identified as Gerhard Ramms. Unfortunately, on the latter platter, Macbeth and his Lady sound uncomfortably like Marko Rothmüller and Dorothy Dow, and one wonders if these excerpts were taped from a broadcast of Glyndebourne's 1952 performances.

HIRAM SHERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

THE BERLIOZ SOCIETY

A VERY LARGE NUMBER of your readers who are admirers of Berlioz and his works may not know that a Berlioz Society was founded in New York City last December 21st and was incorporated in March, and that it has made very rapid progress in the short period of its existence.

The purpose of this letter is to give some information about the Society, and our principal aims and objectives.

The Society's prospectus states that our principal objective is to advance the knowledge and understanding of Berlioz and his works, and that we aim to unite the efforts of admirers of Berlioz in working towards the following goals: (1) To provide a central point for the gathering and dissemination of information about Berlioz and his works; (2) To permit the study of Berlioz's scores by promoting the issue or reissue of the important works in "miniature" format, with the ultimate purpose of establishing a complete and authentic edition; (3) To restore Berlioz's literary works to print and to arrange for translations; (4) To promote the recording of authentic performances of works which are not now available; (5) To encourage new recordings when the available versions could be improved technically or artistically; (6) To demonstrate clearly that there is a large section of the musical public interested in hearing live performances of Berlioz's music.

The officers are: Sir Thomas Beecham, Honorary President; Jean-Gabriel Prod'homme, Honorary Vice-President; Charles Munch, President; the undersigned, Vice-President; W. E. Gillespie, Secretary-Treasurer.

We are a strictly non-profit organization. We have no paid officers or employes. No one draws a cent for anything they do.

Interested persons may obtain copies of the prospectus and full information regarding membership by writing to the Secretary-Treasurer, W. E. Gillespie, 10 Wheelwright Avenue, Exeter, New Hampshire, or to me at 33 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

DUNCAN S. ROBINSON.

New York, N. Y.

BIOGRAPHY OF FERRIER

A FRIEND HAS SENT ME a copy of the *Manchester Guardian* of November 12, 1953, containing the following notice of a projected biography of the late great English contralto Kathleen Ferrier. Since I have seen no reference to this in our press and there are many here who would be glad to know about it and might have material of the kind the author is asking for, I should like to ask that you reprint the notice in your columns.

The letter is as follows:

> I am carrying out an intention, which I had mentioned to the late and beloved Kathleen Ferrier when she was still happily with us, of writing a book about her life and wonderful career. It is intended to be simply an intimate and reverent study of a great and gracious personality and artist, based partly on personal knowledge and with the cooperation of some of her closest friends. This letter is an appeal to any who may have cuttings [i.e., clippings], letters, etc., to lend them for the purpose. They will be carefully preserved and returned. I have informed the trustees of the Kathleen Ferrier Memorial Fund, which is being set up to establish a singing scholarship, of my willingness that part of the proceeds should go to this cause, which would have been so much after Kathleen Ferrier's own heart.
>
> Charles Rigby
> 16 Queen's Road
> Sale, Manchester, England.

The memorial to which Mr. Rigby refers has been set up under the sponsorship of the Royal Philharmonic Society (address: 48 Gloucester Place, London W. 1, England), the trustees being Sir John Barbirolli, Hamish Hamilton, Roy Henderson, Gerald Moore, and Sir Malcolm Sargent.

EDITH FAIGMAN.

Bronx, N. Y.

CELESTE "AIDA"

AFTER NOTING THE LETTER by R. McMurrin [*SR* March 27], I must add that the longing for a new "Aida" recording with Milanov, Warren, Bjoerling, and Orthophonic sound occurs not only in the States and the "Philistine wilderness," but also, in no small way, in the islands of blue sky and clear water.

JAMES S. ANDERSON.

Waialua, Oahu, T.H.

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